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Singapore

R.A.A.F. in Britain's Eastern Gibraltar

EMPIRE STRONGHOLD. R.A.A.F. units, sun-helmeted, with planes at Singapore. Men and machines from all over the Empire make Singapore a fortress.

INTERNATIONAL PLAYGROUND. Singapore misses its tourists now, but cabarets, cafes, clubs are still gay with cosmopolitan crowds.

CHINATOWN. Hard-working Chinese are grateful for security felt in increased British strength in Singapore.

TOP: Red-roofed villages dot the landscape beyond Singapore which R.A.A.F. men will see when they travel out towards wild jungle and rubber plantations.

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12 FEB 1941
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

They'll find plenty to see in fascinating Malaya

Singapore, most southerly point of Asia and one of the British Empire's eastern corner-stones, welcomed Australian and New Zealand airmen to its air-bases.

They have been inspected by the Officer Commanding the Air Force in the Far East and greeted by fellow airmen of the Royal Air Force, many of whom have already seen service in India, Iraq and Hongkong.

By HAZEL HEALE

THESE men from "down under" will meet fellow Britishers, Indians of the dark skin and flashing teeth from the Hyderabad Regiment, men from the Gordon Highlanders with kilts a'swing as they march to the skirling of the pipes, smart Malays whose hat-badge is the Malay tiger and who carry their native krises in their belts.

Men from a county regiment fresh from service in China, sappers and gunners, sailors on leave from the China Squadron, and members of the Straits Settlements Volunteer Forces whose hours of soldiering are as yet limited will be included among their service acquaintances.

In the big, palm-shaded hotels, at the beautiful Bukit Timah Golf Club, the seagirt Swimming Club, on the playing fields of the Cricket Club, and in private bungalows these Australians will also meet civilians—rubber planters, Government servants, mining and commercial men.

You can be sure of the Australian attendance at the meetings of the Singapore Race Club at the Bukit Timah track. The jockeys are all Australian, and so are many of the horses.

Betting is confined to the electric totalisator, and there is a two-dollar sweep on each race.

Chinese are preponderant, for they dearly love to gamble.

Flowering bougainvillea, cassias, and tall zinnias in the garden are paled by the brilliance of the women's costumes.

Chinese babas (Straits born) wearing much gold jewellery with their bright batik sarongs topped by lace-trimmed badjus, slim Chinese girls in high-necked Shanghai-fashion frocks, Chinese coolie women in cotton coats and trousers, Japanese women in blue kimonos, Malays with head-veils more brilliant than Schiaparelli's favorite shocking-pink, and Indian and Arab women wrapped in gold-embroidered saris contribute to this pageant.

The racecourse crowd is characteristic of the Colony's polyglot population of 700,000 of all colors and creeds, ranging from the poor rickshaw coolie to the dollar millionaire.

Hours of leave may find R.A.A.F. members sitting on the wide concrete terraces of Singapore Airport's terminal building eating Sydney rock oysters.

These are brought there, along with their home letters, by Qantas flying boats, which arrive twice weekly in the basin beside this £1,000,000 airport, unique in the world for its proximity to a city's hotels.

Gay nights

THEIR evening's entertainment is well catered for by half a dozen air-conditioned cinemas, a bright cabaret where famous comedians while the hours away, and the varied delights of Chinese entertainments.

When they tire of the social round, as Australians will, longer leave may take them farther afield, "up country" as the locals say.

By commercial aircraft or an excellent air-conditioned train they may travel over this land of dark jungle and rubber trees in thick serried rows, broken only by small red-roofed villages, rapid rivers, ribbon-like metal roads, and the railway to distant Thailand.

A new green, so brilliant that it hurts the eye, is that of the paddy-fields around Malacca's crowded old town.

WHITE MAN'S LUXURY. Singapore Swimming Club will be a great attraction for R.A.A.F.

NATIVE WOMAN tapping for rubber in serried rows of trees which R.A.A.F. will see "up country."

But the first real color contrast in this peninsula of treetops is provided by the open-cut tin fields of the rich Kinta Valley of Perak.

Wartime has brought many changes to Singapore. For one thing there are few tourists—no longer do the huge round-the-world liners anchor in the roads and disgorge sightseers.

True, the passengers of the ships eastward bound pass the time of day in Singapore, but they are not as cosmopolitan as before.

Singapore's sparkling harbor, however, is still animated with ships carrying freights to and from all the Eastern markets.

Every Saturday morning the air-raid alarm siren howls its eerie blast, and "blackouts" are frequent.

Nightly from all corners of the island powerful searchlights sweep the skies. There is many a crash on paper, for Singapore anti-aircraft brigades are proud of their efficiency.

Since the outbreak of war many European women are doing very useful war work—sometimes eight hours in offices.

Household affairs are perhaps left more and more to the tender mercies of Chinese Cookie, Number One Boy and Amah, who also know the meaning of war, for they have contributed generously from their wages to their own war—the gallant resistance of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

SIR CYRIL AND LADY NEWALL

N.Z.'s new Vice-Regals

NEW ZEALAND'S new Governor-General, Sir Cyril Newall, who takes up his duties this month, is pictured here with Lady Newall shortly before they left England for New Zealand.

This is Sir Cyril's first Vice-Regal post. Chief of Britain's Air Staff from 1937 until his present appointment, he helped to shape the modern R.A.F.

DR. M. NEIL SMITH

. . . Anaesthetics

ARRIVING in England after the outbreak of war, Dr. Margaret Neil Smith, of Melbourne, sat for the Royal College of Surgeons anaesthetics diploma in the midst of an air raid—and passed. Dr. Smith took her M.B. and B.Sc. degrees at Melbourne University. Is now on the staff of St. James' Hospital, London.

MR. J. R. KINGHORN

. . . Modernising museums

"MUSEUMS are not morgues, and should expand along modern lines," says Mr. J. R. Kinghorn, one of Australia's leading zoologists, and recently appointed assistant to the director, Australian Museum, Sydney. Mr. Kinghorn is directing plans for modern display at the museum.

Holder of the diploma of Great Britain, for museum administration and technique, Mr. Kinghorn did research work abroad on a Carnegie grant. He is an authority on snakes and birds.

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Illustrated by SANTRY

Bright story of three young men who thought they knew the right way to discipline a pretty girl

YOU HAVE TO KISS A GIRL

By HELEN DAVISON

GLOOM lay upon the three remaining members of the Craven Amateur String Quartet. Slowly they got out of the taxi; not a word was spoken as they climbed the steps to Dr. William Craven's front door.

Doctor Craven's man, Jakes, took their hats in silence; his normally cheerful pink face collapsed into bleak lines of sorrow as he watched them file into the library and sink into chairs.

Four music-stands, the open pages still resting upon them, made a mute meaningful group at one end of the room. On a cabine: lay two violins and a viola, each in its leather case. The place where the cello used to lie was empty.

Dr. Mallory heaved a sigh. "He was a grand fellow," he said. He went to the tray that Jakes had set out and sadly ate an anchovy.

Dr. Craven lay upon the sofa, staring upward. "We'll never find another cellist like him," he said.

"What are we going to play?" asked Wellington, apathetically. Under his thick hair his long, plain face resembled more than ever the face of a bereaved camel.

Dr. Mallory speared an anchovy with delicacy and precision. "I've played enough for one night. We were awful with the Mozart."

As a gesture to the departing member, Dr. Carl Moore, they had played one of the Mozart quartets before taking him to the eight o'clock train. For the fourth member of the Craven Amateur String Quartet had not gone to his grave, as might have been inferred from their demeanor. He had left by the Night Scot to take a very good job in Edinburgh.

As other men gathered for bridge these four, three doctors and a dentist, had for three years been meeting once a week to play chamber music.

There was about those Wednesday evenings some of the dedicated madness of swing sessions, although the music was Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms.

They messed about a bit, but the shouts of joy over a good passage or the groans of agony over a difficult one were inhibited and zestful. And there was none of the sourness and scratching you can usually depend on from an amateur quartet; they were good.

It was Doctor Craven who collected the music and made the rules. It was he who insisted there were to be no women under fifty among the few listeners occasionally admitted to the sessions.

Women ruined John Mallory's performance. Doctor Mallory's chronic weakness for the opposite sex was a subject alternately of hilarious abuse and solemn medical concern among them. But he acceded cheerfully enough to the ruling, explaining that he made a point, anyway, of never introduring his lady friends to Bill Craven until he was ready to lose them.

Doctor Craven was easily the handsomest of the lot, and so plentifully endowed with charm that an appreciable number of his female patients developed imaginary ills.

It was nine-thirty, and they were about to break up, when Jakes appeared.

"A Miss Quigley to see you, sir," he reported. "She says Dr. Moore asked her to come."

The three exchanged glances. The departed member had a sense of humor which had long ago been revealed as dangerously warped. He was not above sending them a bubble dancer, or an R.S.P.C.A. investigator, or a barrel of beer. Once, in an inspired moment, he had presented them with a small but lively green snake in a baton case.

Bill shrugged. "Show her in," he said.

The next minute they rose to their paralysed feet, their eyes popping at what Jakes, gently beaming, ushered into the room.

Carl had not been able to resist a parting shot. What he had sent was, to a serious quartet, several degrees lower in usefulness than a green snake. And several degrees higher in nuisance value than a white elephant. For she was exquisitely young, dainty as a columbine, and sweetly attired in a full-skirted frock.

That wasn't the rub; it wasn't her astounding prettiness that made her a problem at once. It was the fact that she was dragging an instrument case of unmistakable size and contours. The little lady was a cellist.

Bill cleared his throat. "Won't you come in, Miss Quigley?"

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said, walking into the room. "I did hurry, but I had the cello. I still haven't learned how to carry it successfully. There's a struggle every time, and the cello always wins!" She laughed.

So she was not only that horror, that anomaly, a female cellist. She was also a green one! And more, she thought the greenness was amusing!

Tom Wellington moved into the background; there was a faraway look in his eyes, as though he were contemplating suicide. But John was happy; he hummed a tune, studying her with the air of an underfed cat examining a bird.

"I'm Doctor Craven. That's Mr. Wellington over there. And this is Doctor Mallory."

"It was good of you to ask me," she said.

"Glad you could come," Bill said weakly.

"Delighted!" exclaimed John.

Tom Wellington bowed frigidly; his disgust was evident but wholly understandable. For women fiddlers were bad enough; they forgot dates, they came late, they giggled, they expected allowances to be made, they grew coy. But a female cellist would be awful. Carl had surpassed himself.

She had already discovered Bill; she addressed herself to him: "I'm grateful for this chance to play. Amateur quartets are hard to find, aren't they? This is my first chance in a male quartet."

"How's that?" the girl asked, elegantly adjusting the bow on her head.

That clinched it. There was a faint groan from Wellington.

"It's going to be fun," she finished.

"Yes, indeed," murmured Bill. "Of course we've found a cello for next week, but it's kind of you to fill in to-night."

As Jakes began to move the music-stands to the centre of the room, Miss Quigley's eye fell upon the music that still lay upon them. "What are we going to play?"

Dr. Mallory came forward. "It's the Mozart F Major. Would you like that?" he asked. "I'm for it." It was the quartet they had tried before Carl left, a piece to test a cellist, to exalt a good one or destroy a bad. John's purpose was clear. One movement of this would be enough to break her down, and then he could take her out dancing.

She took the cello from Jakes and sat down. She made none of the excuses they expected of new players. She didn't say, "I haven't touched an instrument for weeks," or "I'm always awful the first time through." She was like a child going for the first time, cheerfully unaware, to the dentist.

Tuning his violin, Bill paused to stare. For something had altered in her carriage. She seemed firmer, more mature, and she tuned the instrument with gestures that were not, as might have been expected, the gentle, abortive gestures of a kitten. The cello-playing position is not an easy one for a woman, but with her it took on a fresh, natural grace.

He had a presentiment then of what was to follow, of what, after only a minute or two of playing, the others perceived.

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ENEMY SIGHTED

The call to battle stations sounds in our dramatic serial.

By

ALEC HUDSON

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Illustrated by

VIRGIL

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IN the blazing heat of the Indian Ocean, the light cruiser Perseus, under the command of CAPTAIN BLAIR, and the submarine Petard, under the command of LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HOWE, are on anxious patrol, entrusted with the task of attempting to waylay the powerful German pocket-battleship Admiral Schroder.

The two vessels have been waiting so long now that their crews are almost despairing of action, fighting the deadly boredom that is fast becoming their worst foe. Then, shattering the monotony, news comes one evening that the tanker Momus Maru is in their vicinity, on its way to meet and refuel the Admiral Schroder near Suvadiva Atoll.

The two vessels set off for the atoll, the submarine following at its best speed in the wake of the cruiser.

Now read on.

THE two vessels kept on during the night at fifteen knots. Howe could well imagine Captain Blair's state of mind. Perseus was tied to the slower submarine. At the submarine's best speed they might arrive at Suvadiva too late to be fully effective. Two-thirds of the cruiser's seventy-five thousand horsepower lay idle beneath her deck. It is always irksome for a fast ship to be held back by a slower consort.

Now that the matter of a few hours might mean all the difference between success and failure, Howe knew that Captain Blair would be using his justly-famous vocabulary in invective against the Petard. With five hundred yards of water between the ships he could afford to grin at the thought.

He didn't envy Captain Blair the decision he would have to make. It was well within the range of possibility that the Schroder would be waiting at Suvadiva for the tanker. If the weather was calm enough for fuelling at sea without the protection of the atoll the enemy might run down to meet the Momus.

With good luck he could complete his fuelling in eight hours and then he would be free for another two or three months' operation. All of the Indian Ocean lay before him. There was no reason why he shouldn't venture into the Pacific. The prospects for the officer who was responsible for letting this ship get away were far from pleasant.

On the other hand, if the Perseus left the submarine behind and then came to grief under the guns of the pocket battleship, it would make a holiday for the armchair tacticians for years to come. Dividing his forces in the face of a powerful enemy! It wasn't done.

The only possible vindication of whatever decision he made would be success. Critics could always find sound reason for any decision that leads up to a successful operation. And of course there was the small matter of the lives of five hundred and fifty men to consider and the possible destruction of a beautiful ship.

Howe never had any serious doubts as to which way the decision would fall. Not with Captain Blair in the driver's seat. There wasn't much chance of the Admiral Schroder being allowed to calmly complete her fuelling while the Perseus hung back to retain the support of the submarine. Blair would fight with any force he could bring to bear.

A few minutes before dawn the Petard submerged. She stayed on the surface until it was already commencing to get grey in the east, but despite the urgent need of haste Howe was unwilling to risk the chance of continuing on the surface during sunrise.

The best chance he had of getting into action depended upon the complete surprise that would be effected by the presence of a submarine in these waters. If the enemy suspected a submarine trap he would be just that much more wary. The Schroder would be coming up from the south-west. Their courses might be almost parallel. There was no use being sighted by a scouting plane.

Captain Blair's temper would not be improved by the additional delay, but it couldn't be helped.

He was up again as soon as there was clear daylight. He could depend on the Perseus to maintain a good lookout for planes and let him know if one was sighted. From the viewpoint of the submarine there were a good many advantages to operation with a cruiser.

The Perseus was several thousand yards ahead by the time he surfaced. It seemed as though Blair was trying to urge them on to greater effort than their laboring engines could make.

Howe lived in constant fear of an engine casualty. To steam for two or three days at top power put a terrific strain on his engines. He had every confidence in his engineer, but the slightest mishap would cause him to slow down for two or three hours. He dreaded the withering scorn of Captain Blair in that event.

When the cruiser stopped to pick up the plane after the morning reconnaissance flight, the submarine was able to regain her position. But the Perseus lost no time. Very soon she was ahead again, demonstrating her impatience at the slow speed of her consort. They labored on during the long day, the Petard doggedly making her best speed.

The plane was catapulted for her evening flight. A signalman appeared on the bridge wing of the Perseus. Captain Blair was notoriously chary of his signals. There had been no flag-fluttering discussion of the situation so far. Howe knew before the signals came over that Blair had reached his decision.

"After recovery of the plane, Perseus will increase speed to twenty-five knots. Petard continue to rendezvous Suvadiva at best speed."

He had been right in his estimate of Captain Blair. The Perseus would close in on the tanker and risk the chance of running smack into the Schroder.

After the Perseus had left the submarine behind, Blair felt as though a load had been lifted from his mind. He fully realised the danger of his position, but his decision had been made.

The Perseus was a handy ship. He had every confidence that the cruiser would give a good account of herself under any conditions. He turned in and spent the most restful night he had had for weeks.

An hour before dawn the crew of the cruiser sprang to life to the insistent clamor of the general alarm. Whatever was waiting for him at Suvadiva, Blair was going to be fully prepared to meet it. Before the first faint grey showed in the east the plane was in the air. The sun breaking over the horizon found every man at his battle station. There was steam up to the throttle for her full thirty-two knots.

TO the northward Blair could make out the low island of the atoll. For the rest there was nothing.

"Secure from general quarters," he told the navigator who had relieved the officer of the deck. "We seem to be the first arrival at this party."

The guns' crews straggled out of the turrets to stand around the deck in little knots of men who gazed off into the sea. The possibility that they would be surprised at dawn was past.

"Have breakfast served as soon as you possibly can," Captain Blair ordered. "You may dispense with the morning routine. I want the men to get all the rest they can. We have a long day ahead of us."

"Plane returning on the starboard bow," the foretop look-out reported.

The cruiser's plane closed rapidly. She flashed across the bow, banked, and turned, and winged away again to the eastward. It was the agreed upon signal that something had been sighted that demanded investigation. The pilot was forbidden the use of his radio except in case of emergency for fear of prematurely disclosing the presence of the cruiser.

The Perseus swung round gracefully to the new course, leaving a wake of boiling white water astern, and heeling slightly to the rudder. The general alarm called the men back to their battle stations.

Blair rang for full speed. A big white roller appeared on either bow. She seemed glad to feel her full power again after the long months of lolling through the warm water under bare steerage way. The plane streaked away ahead of her.

In a few minutes the foretop look-out reported: "Sail ho! Dead ahead!"

It wasn't long afterward that Captain Blair knew he had caught the Momus, caught her unguarded and alone. At the rate the cruiser was gliding through the water the upper works of the tanker heaved rapidly above the horizon. Soon they could make out her decks from the bridge of the Perseus.

The tanker stood on serenely. Probably she still thought she was making her anticipated contact with the Schroder.

Suddenly she became aware that something was wrong. She commenced a lumbering turn away from the approaching cruiser. Her attempt at flight was almost ridiculous, like a waddling duck fleeing from a hunting fox.

"Drop a shell alongside of her," Captain Blair ordered the gunnery officer.

Turret One swung out a few degrees to port. The guns raised their ugly muzzles in unison. The left one barked once. The haze of smokeless powder gases drifted over the bridge. The thin whistle of the retreating shell filled the air. The sound died away long before the shell arrived at its destination. A splash arose abeam of the tanker.

"The tanker is using her radio," the communication officer reported. "We are trying to jam his signals, but we can't tell how effectively we are doing it."

"Make signal by flag hoist in international code to cease using radio," Captain Blair ordered his signal officer.

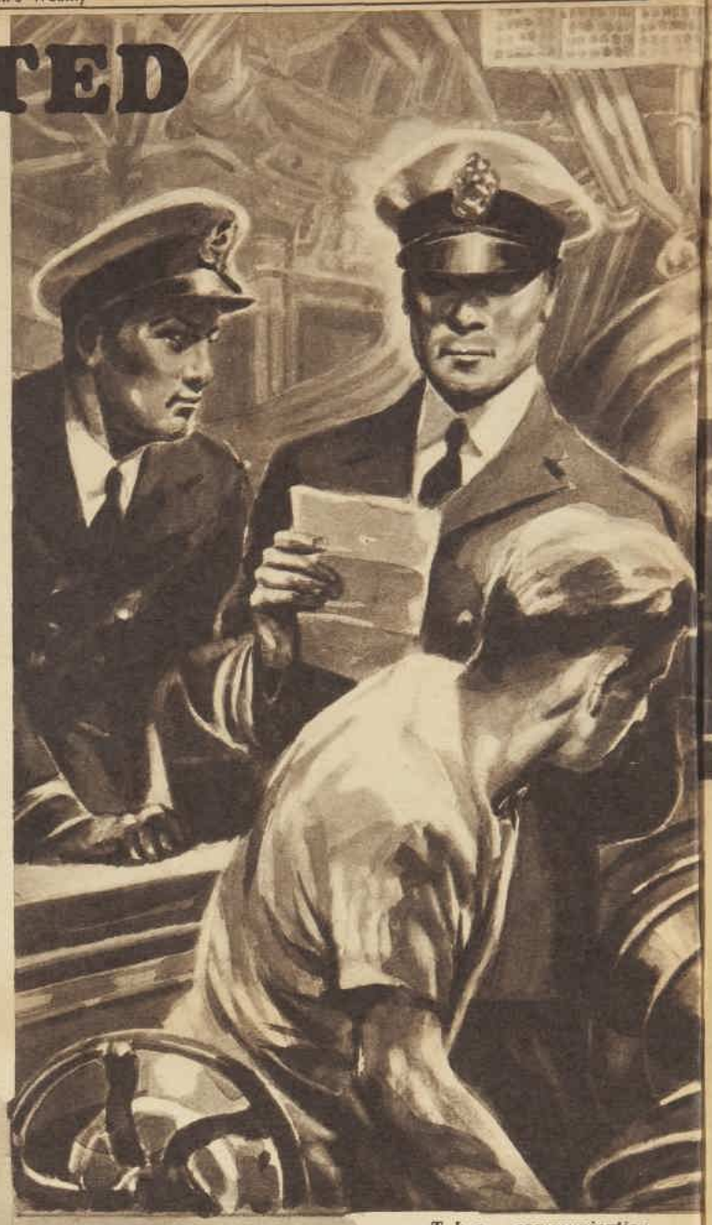
The signal flags stood out stiffly in the thirty-knot breeze of the cruiser's own making.

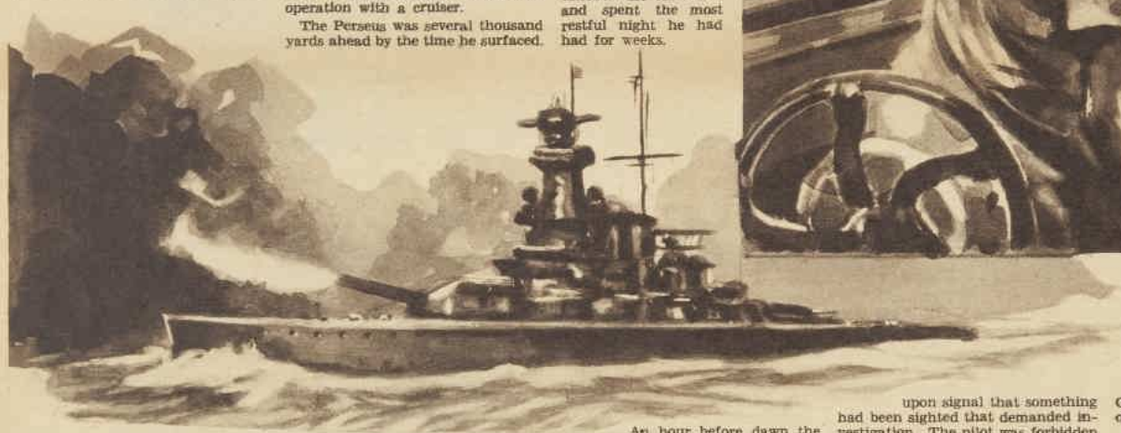
"Tell the gunnery officer to give him another round," Captain Blair directed his telephone-talker, "and tell him to put this one close enough to frighten him. If he can't understand signals he will at least be able to understand that language."

The right gun of Turret One fired once. The shell splash appeared on the starboard side of the tanker and very close aboard. Tons of water from that splash must have drenched the decks of the Momus.

"The tanker appears to have stopped signalling," the communication officer reported.

Captain Blair turned to Commander Lang, his executive officer.





The communication officer handed Howe a report. A strange vessel's signals could be heard coming in.

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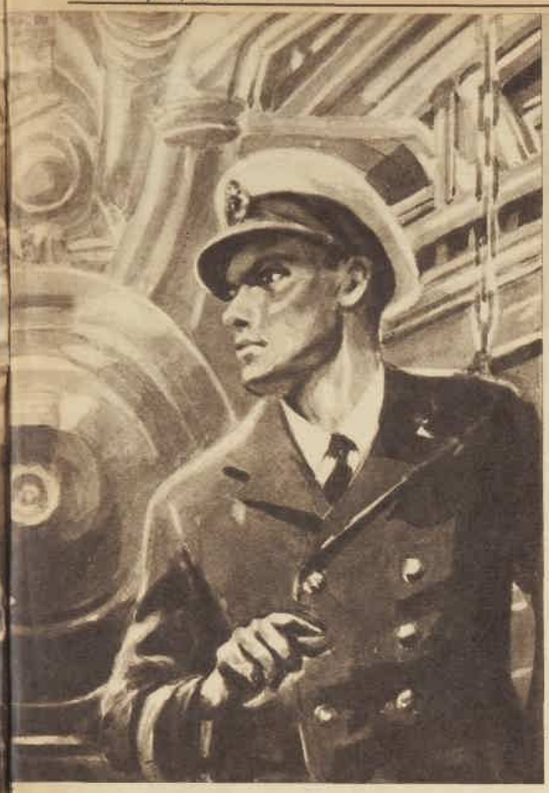

The prize crew was already clambering aboard the Momus.

Daring strategy

"GET your prize crew together. Lieutenant-Commander Johnson will go as prize master. Send him up here to me for instructions. Get two boats ready for lowering."

In a few minutes Lieutenant-Commander Johnson appeared on the bridge. Forewarned by the ship's organisation bill that he would be prize master, he had had his bag packed as soon as the tanker had been sighted. The prize crew was already assembling on deck. The bugle called the boats away. The Perseus was losing no time about the operation.

"You sent for me, sir?" Johnson addressed the captain.

"I did, sir," Blair replied. "You will take over that ship as prize. But not until you have conducted a regular visit and search. I'll have nothing irregular about this business. You will go in the first boat with a boarding party. Remember that the boarding party may not be armed when boarding, but may have arms in the boat. Examine the papers and cargo if necessary. The prize crew will be in the second boat."

Johnson smiled at this strict compliance with the regulations by a commander who had evidently determined to make the tanker a prize.

"I understand, sir. I am to examine her for evidence of unneutral behaviour."

"If she has Diesel fuel aboard she's a prize. I don't care how her manifest reads. And I want you to lose no time shilly-shallying about it. Your prize crew will be right behind you. Call them alongside and take her over as soon as your visit and search are completed. I want those boats back in half an hour."

"Aye, aye, sir," Johnson acknowledged. "What are my orders after I take her over?"

"You will follow Perseus back to Suvadiva. From there you will set a course to Colombo. Perseus will then steam south to rejoin Petard. I anticipate no difficulty, but keep your eye peeled for the Admiral Schroder."

"What are your instructions in case I should be overtaken by the enemy?" Johnson asked. He knew it was a delicate question, but now that the subject had been brought up he felt it worth while to be protected by definite orders.

"You will sink the tanker, sir," Blair ordered. "And be sure you do a thorough job of it."

"Aye, aye, sir," acknowledged Johnson, smiling at the captain's forthrightness.

"Very well, then. Your boat is waiting. Carry out your orders."

While this conversation was taking place the Perseus had approached to within a few hundred yards of the waiting tanker and had stopped. The first boat now cleared the side and the boat with the armed and organised prize crew followed her.

It wasn't long after Johnson had been observed climbing up over the tanker's side that a signalman appeared on her bridge. The semaphore flags flicked their message across the narrow stretch of sea separating the two ships.

"Momus Maru out of Batavia for Yokohama with cargo of Diesel oil. Have made her prize in accordance with instructions."

The prize crew was already clambering aboard the Momus. Soon the boats were returning. In less than an hour after the Perseus had stopped the two ships were under way again, retracing their way to Suvadiva. The tanker wallowed along in the wake of the cruiser.

The Perseus was again tied to a slow-moving consort and it was nearly two hours before she could get rid of her. It was nine-thirty before the Momus Maru set her course for Colombo and Perseus was free to turn southward to rejoin the Petard.

For Captain Blair it was two more hours of anxious uncertainty. The Admiral Schroder was almost certainly somewhere in the vicinity. The Momus Maru had had ample opportunity to bleat out all her troubles over the radio. The enemy would know that he would have to fight for his fuel. He would believe that he had the preponderance of force on his side and he would be anxious for battle.

Until she rejoined the Petard, Perseus could at the best put up an ineffectual running fight with very little chance of inflicting any great damage on the pocket battleship.

The tanker worried the captain. The chances were that the Schroder was still to the southward, but there was a likely possibility that the enemy might be lucky enough to make first contact with the prize.

His directions to Johnson had been clear enough. It was difficult to imagine a situation in which the tanker could be taken in broad daylight, without an opportunity to use her radio. Perseus could always overtake the prize in an hour or two. The enemy wouldn't have an opportunity to fuel even if Johnson failed to carry out his implicit directions.

He smiled grimly to himself at Johnson's request for instructions. There was no question but that the junior officer was right. He was asking for the reasonable protection of positive orders to cover a situation that was only too likely to occur. Well, he had his orders. They should be positive enough. The responsibility rested squarely on his, Blair's, broad shoulders. It belonged there. It was too late in life for him to begin to hedge with indefinite instructions.

Nevertheless, he could envy the freedom with which the junior officer might now act. Johnson had known as well as Blair what should be his proper action if the Schroder overtook him. Now he could do what he knew the situation would require and still walk into court with clean hands.

If the Momus Maru was sunk there would be a court all right, with a good deal of hullabaloo, and justice the last thing to be considered. He was familiar enough with the Declaration of London, and all that grave nonsense contained therein about the rights of neutral shipping. Strange how when serious and apparently sensible diplomats got together they utterly neglected to regard their ukases from the view of the officer at sea who would eventually be bound by them.

It was a lucky thing for him that the tanker had made that abortive attempt at flight. And for her to clear for Yokahama and be overtaken at Suvadiva was sheer stupidity. He would have no difficulty vindicating his action in taking her prize, no matter what the outcome.

To sink her now, that was another matter. He would be a fool to hesitate if it became necessary. But what still passed for international law, if anybody was willing to concede that that phrase had any meaning left, took a very serious view of the destruction of a neutral prize. If the Momus had to be sunk there would be a great hue and cry.

The easy way for the diplomats to get out of it would be one of those long dignified notes of apology to the Imperial Government. He could almost dictate the closing paragraph. The officer responsible for this unwarranted action has been relieved of his command.

Well, there was no help for it. He had to get on with the war. He would have to accept the responsibilities of his command as he accepted the authority. Naval officers had been faced with that since navies first began.

The look-out reported the submarine in sight. Captain Blair could hardly suppress a little sigh of relief. Let the enemy come on. He was as ready for him as he ever would be. His capture of the tanker had actually improved his tactical situation. The enemy would be looking for a fight. It would be easier to predict his manoeuvres. The submarine had a better chance of closing to torpedo range.

Here would be one of those novel situations where both sides believed they had the preponderance of force. Both antagonists would be eager to join action. If he played his cards right the submarine would be an ace up his sleeve to spring as a surprise at the right moment, and turn the tide of battle his way.

The Perseus swung to a northerly course again, the Petard following in her wake. The tanker was a good forty miles ahead. Captain Blair would feel better when he had her in sight. Then there would be no chance of a slip up. At the submarine's best speed they were closing in on the prize a good five miles every hour. The enemy could appear any time he chose.

Blair smiled to himself to think how confident the Admiral Schroder would be, standing on, secure in the belief that he had only a weak light cruiser to batter to pieces with his heavy guns. He probably felt sure, too, that his appearance would spring a big surprise on his antagonist. Well, there would be more surprises than one in the action that was to follow.

. . . . . .

On the Petard Howe had spent a restless night. It wasn't very comforting to be left behind when action was imminent, even though the reasons were overpowering. He spent a sleepless night, urging his engineer officer to demand still greater effort from his laboring engines.

In the engine-room the watch was doubled. Every gauge, every instrument was constantly watched for the first indication of trouble. Ordinarily Howe felt a lift of exhilaration from machinery running at full power with the smoothness of perfection, but now he felt only impatience at the inability of the ship to attain greater speed.

At dawn he made the briefest submergence he dared. After the submarine surfaced he had the torpedoes withdrawn from the tubes one at a time to have their final adjustments rechecked. Somehow he felt to-day was the day they would make their run.

Feeling a compelling desire to see them himself he left the bridge for the torpedo-room. As the men returned each torpedo to its tube they patted its bright steel afterbody. They too felt that they were seeing their charges of many months for the last time.

While he was in the torpedo-room the communication officer handed him a report. A strange vessel's signals could be heard coming in through strong interference. He could only guess that it would be the tanker attempting to signal to the Schroder. It didn't do much to relieve his anxiety.

When the Perseus appeared over the horizon he had had to dive until he could be certain of her identity. It wouldn't do to come charging down on the surface on the wrong ship. The Perseus came up over the horizon rapidly. When he could recognise the familiar upper works through the periscope he surfaced and ran down to meet her, feeling as though he was welcoming an old friend returning from some long journey.

The Perseus wheeled about to a northerly course and slowed down to his speed. Howe adjusted the submarine's course to conform, and followed in the cruiser's wake. Blair sent him over a short signal: "Tanker Momus Maru has been made prize. This force will continue at fifteen knots on course three five zero to cover retirement of prize on Colombo."

Captain Blair had made a daring division of forces almost in the face of the enemy, accomplished his objective and recombined his forces without mishap.

The two vessels continued onward, certain now that contact would come at any minute. On the cruiser the men lounged about the decks in apparent enjoyment of the release from ordinary routine. Both plane engines were kept warmed up by turning them over under power every half hour, but otherwise there was nothing to remind them that anything out of the ordinary was expected.

It was nearly three o'clock before the expected happened.

"Sail ho!" the foretop lookout reported.

"Where away?" the officer of the deck inquired.

"Broad on the port quarter, sir! I can't make her out, but there seems to be an aeroplane flying above her."

It was the Admiral Schroder. No other ship in these waters would be operating with aircraft. For the last time in the Perseus the general alarm sounded and the men hurried to their battle stations.

"Make the signal, 'Enemy sighted, bearing two one five'," Captain Blair ordered. "All engines full speed ahead."

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PRIVATE SMITH

By DUDLEY HOYS

He was the outlaw of the regiment, so the Colonel's pretty daughter decided to take him in hand

ON his way to Hamarabad, Private Smith kept tapping the breast pocket of his tunic. Occasionally he grinned, without any amusement. Under the shade of his sun-helmet his eyes had the sardonic calmness of a man with no illusions.

Ahead, against the distant creamy blur of the town, moved a rider. He recognised the Colonel's daughter on her bay gelding, and for a second some nameless expression flickered in his eyes.

Why her mount should have chosen to shy at nothing was the gelding's own secret. She hung on for a couple of seconds, then seemed to swivel across the animal's withers and fling herself sideways into the dust.

Smith ran across to help her.

"Are you all right, miss?" he asked shortly.

She nodded, and he helped her to her feet.

"Let me brush you," he said, taking out a clean handkerchief.

"Thank you!" She glanced at him, and looked away quickly.

"No damage done." He gave a few light flicks. "That's the best of being young. You can fall like a sigh, miss."

She flushed and tried to stare at him coldly. Her clear blue eyes were frigid enough, but her almost arrogant mouth betrayed her. She was near to smiling. A passing Palace guard had meanwhile captured her restive horse.

Smith indicated the loose saddle, and started to adjust it for her.

"Somebody's been careless."

"Kindly leave that alone!"

She forgot to be dignified and became merely a charming, angry girl.

"How on earth can an infantry private know anything about riding?"

"I apologise, miss, for being right." He looked straight into her eyes, and the flush rose again into the young curve of her cheeks.

She said in a small voice:

"You're Private Smith, aren't you? You won the cup for the middleweight boxing championship coming out in the boat?"

"You presented it to me. I shall never pawn it."

"Also," she said icily, "you have a reputation for getting drunk."

"I'm a very low person, miss."

"You're a very insolent one. I—" She made as if to mount, hesitated then turned to him with that curious, lovely friendliness of a youngster being natural.

"You're a strange man. Why don't you do something with your life? I'm perfectly certain Smith isn't your real name. As a matter of fact father says if you didn't drink, and weren't so—queer, somehow, he'd feel inclined to recommend you for a commission."

"A pup with a pip?" He shook his head. "But thank you, miss, for patronising me."

"I haven't!" she burst out furiously, and had to stop, unable to cope with his unruffled impertinence.

He held her stirrup for her.

"Before you ride on, miss, may I congratulate the Eighteenth Sikhs? They say you're going to be engaged to Captain Russell. The Eighteenth are a fine regiment."

There was a subtle innuendo in the remark, and she could not fail to miss it. Again youthful anger overcame her attempt to be aloof.

"You wouldn't do badly to model yourself on Captain Russell."

At that she dug her heels into her mount and rode off.

Smith laughed, and walked on towards Hamarabad. He went on laughing softly, even when he was talking to himself in a bitter whisper.

"You fool, Smith, you sickening fool! Are the blue eyes of a kid going to turn you all earnest and noble?"

He lit a cigarette, and sent the match flying with a savage snip of his finger. Somewhere in England a pair of blue eyes he had once called pieces of heaven were probably still playing old Harry with some unsuspecting mug.

He grimaced, because he was back in the past, an undergrad with forty thousand pounds, no parents, no sense, and an insane love for Deirdre of the innocent eyes. Considering his crazy infatuation, it must have been a sheer fluke scraping through his exams and qualifying as a solicitor.

His thin mouth twisted. When he found out the truth about Deirdre, he ought to have broken her tricky little neck, instead of tamely going to the devil. Remarkable how swiftly you could chuck forty thousand down the drain, particularly with the aid of a bottle.

Smith chuckled. Anyhow, when you were broke, the Army wasn't a bad life, except that the pay didn't cater for a long thirst.

That reminded him, and he tapped his pocket. Inside were the documents he had got out from England to prove his claim to the ultimate inheritance of one hundred pounds from an aunt who had died and left various sums on trust. Old Ram Chander would give him some sort of mortgage on them.

He walked on towards Hamarabad. The passing of a couple of Sikh sepoys, tall and straight, their silky hair gleaming under their lordly turbans, reminded him of Captain Stewart Russell.

He'd first met Russell eleven years ago at school. Marvellous fellow, Russell. Nobody had ever found him out. At least, nobody in authority.

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Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Are you all right, miss?" Private Smith asked shortly.

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The taxi-driver stared, mystified, as Whitelock gave the strange address.

THE HOUSE THAT VANISHED

Every now and then a story comes along which makes you forget all the other mysteries you have ever read. Mr. Starrett has written such a masterpiece in this exciting drama. Illustrated with striking photographs.

By VINCENT STARRETT

THE long overdue train from Manhattan rumbled into the station at Chicago, shortly before midnight, filling the long shed with the echoes of its lonely bell. The disgruntled passengers descended stiffly and toiled in the wake of their luggage to the taxi stands. With disgust they noted that it was raining.

Young Mr. Whitelock was among the first to leave the coaches. He did not bother with a porter for his single bag. At the kerb, under the glow of a misty light, he turned up the collar of his light raincoat and dug a scrap of paper from his pocket. A taxi glided to the spot and stopped beside him.

"I want to go to No. 26 Ferndale Crescent," said Allan Whitelock, reading from his scrap of paper. "I don't know where the deuce it is—do you?"

The taxi-driver stared, mystified, and shook his head. "Might find it, though," he volunteered.

Whitelock got into the cab and settled himself into a corner. The driver, he noted, was engaged in a sharp struggle with a miniature book—presumably a pocket guide. The episode ended in a grunt.

"Got it," said the taxi man, with satisfaction. "It's 'way out south. 'S funny I never heard of it before. I'll get you there in no time."

The taxi started with a jerk; there was a grinding of gears and it clicked away through the falling rain for the lake front boulevard.

Young Mr. Whitelock, his cigarette now lighted, his thin coat drawn tightly across his breast, stared moodily from the right hand window at the dreary architectural landscape of Chicago, as it glimmered past his aperture. Viewed through the wet shine of the rain it was as unattractive and depressing as his thoughts.

The long stretch of the Outer Drive was better, with its miles of light clusters that seemed to be painted bubbles dancing in the mist. But in spite of the driver's efforts to be friendly they made the long drive in almost sullen silence.

Near Jackson Park the driver tried again. "This Ferndale Crescent must be just a little place," he ventured. "You ever been there before?"

"I never have," said Whitelock shortly. "I wouldn't know it from Piccadilly Circus. You'll have to find it yourself."

"I'll find it," said the driver; and he did.

They came upon it quite by accident, in a section curiously dark and empty; an almost mythical region, south and west, backgrounded by the lonely hoot of an engine and the rumble of a long freight. They had crossed no railroad tracks, however.

The driver kept a sharp eye turned for blinking lights.

Suddenly he spoke. "Well, this is it! We're on it now. I just saw the name on that old lamp-post."

"It's a deuce of a neighborhood," said Whitelock bitterly. "I haven't seen a lamp like that since 1892."

The year he mentioned was some years earlier than the year of his birth; but it was his standard of antiquity.

"Nor buildings, either," said the driver, peering at them through the drizzle. "There ain't a light in any of 'em," he added.

The taxi-cab had stopped. Driver and passenger viewed the spectacle of Ferndale Crescent without enthusiasm. The buildings obviously were very close together. They extended in an unbroken line for about a city block, curving convexly toward the south at either extremity of the crescent.

Each house was identical with its neighbor—three-storied and severe, with little balconies at every window and miniature porticos, flush with the narrow sidewalk, before each door.

"There's another street lamp, half-way up the block," said Whitelock; and they proceeded cautiously and stopped beside it.

But the doorway of the house before them was still blank and impersonal. The dim light of the ancient street lamp failed to fall on any set of figures. The rain, as if to speed a decision, began to descend in greater volume. Whitelock swore.

"I'll get my flashlight," volunteered the driver hopefully. He dug beneath his seat and found it. "Now we'll find it! No. 28, you said, didn't you?"

"Twenty-six," snapped Whitelock.

He closed the door of the taxi-cab with a bang and dashed for the nearest portico. The driver of the car was close behind him. Then they were standing in the doorway, and the light was playing on the door and on the space above it. But there was no number visible—no impress, even, where a number had once been.

Young Mr. Whitelock knocked loudly with his knuckles. It was a curiously solid sort of door, he reflected; the sound that it returned was dull and heavy, as if a brick wall lay behind.

"Is everybody dead?" he asked rhetorically.

"I'll try the next house," said the driver. "They're all in bed, I guess. It's after twelve."

But the next house was no more helpful than the first. There was no number to identify it, and no answer to their knocking. The absence of doorbells was conspicuous. A distant streak of lightning shivered the sky; it was followed by an ominous growl of thunder. The rain fell steadily.

At the third house Whitelock wavered. "I don't know what to make of it," he muttered, half aloud. "She certainly said No. 26. Here, let me take that flashlight!"

He turned the yellow circle on his scrap of paper. The pencil lines were smudged and damp; but the address was still plainly visible: 26 Ferndale Crescent.

"I copied it myself," said Whitelock, "from a letter I received."

"There ain't no passages around the back," the driver said. He glanced along the line of houses that still lay before them. "They're stuck together as tight as if they was glued." After a moment he continued: "Well, they can't all be dead. Shall we go ahead?"

After all, his meter was still ticking.

"Yes, go ahead," said Whitelock grimly. "I've got to find the place."

Fourteen more houses intervened between then and the end of the crescent. Here and there they skipped one, just to change their luck; but the result in each case was the same.

"One of those darned court buildings, I suppose," said Whitelock. "Well, here's the last of them. There'll be a passage now, around the side. Give me your light—I'm going to try a couple of back doors."

The taxi-driver, unprotected by a raincoat, was dripping heavily. His oaths were audible. His light, however, continued to shine bravely—a futile candle-glint in the immensity of rainswept Chicago.

They passed the corner of the last house in the line, then stopped aghast. Quite suddenly the situation was beyond speech or thought.

Ferndale Crescent had vanished as if by a conjurer's trick. It never had been. It was a house of cards—a figment of the mind, a wild delusion. Around its edge the wind and rain swept gustily, and blew upon the hapless humans that stood within their devious path.

It was a line of houses faked upon a wall of brick. The depth of Ferndale Crescent at its deepest—save for the narrow, sweeping buttresses of steel—was barely fourteen inches. Behind it lay a curving railroad embankment and a stretch of windblown prairie . . .

. . . . . .

"An extraordinary story," said Jimmie Lavender, looking with interest at our visitor. "What do you make of it, yourself?"

Allan Whitelock shrugged and smiled. "I don't know what to make of it. That's why I'm here. The letter certainly looked genuine."

"You have the letter with you, of course?"

Allan Whitelock produced it from an inner pocket. I rose from my chair beside the window and read it over Lavender's shoulder.

"Come to me at once. The address is 26 Ferndale Crescent, Chicago. Don't fail if you want to see me alive." And then a signature.

"Who is 'Hortense'?" asked Jimmie Lavender.

"A show girl," answered Whitelock. "We once thought we were in love," he added frankly. "We weren't, and we separated."

"Married?"

"No."

"But she has claims upon you?"

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Under the glow of a misty light, Whitelock dug a scrap of paper from his pocket.

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"I do not say farewell, dear ladies," mocked the German, "as I shall be here again very soon."

Trophy

A memorable romance and an unforgettable tragedy against the grim background of the terror in Poland.

Illustrated by FISCHER

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

THE ageing Princess Anastasia Leczinski, bored with waiting for something to happen in the Ulica Kanonji, that curve of ancient noble houses in the shelter of Warsaw's cathedral, called one morning for her blonde Paris wig, two new spades, and her town carriage.

Having been awakened by the passing tramp of citizens from the nearby market district on their way to dig defence trenches, it had occurred to her that the moment was ripe to set an example of proper citizenship in higher quarters.

"But, madame," protested her young companion in some anxiety, "surely you do not contemplate handling a spade yourself?"

"And why not? I have never been one to concede in any respect the superiority of the male sex," replied the old lady, hardily. "However, it is all, of course, mere hysterical poppycock; my nephew Wladimir and his sons would never permit the enemy to approach so close."

The girl Tamara started to say something, at which the older valet, Fedor, shook his head. Princess Anastasia's whim at present was to ignore all unpleasant facts, on the principle that nothing exists until it is named.

The outdated elegance of the princess' equipage excited unusual attention along crowded Marszalkowska Street, its high-stepping cobs in their jangling harness, its quiet liveries on the box and the two ladies, one with a palsied head shaking constantly in its bright gold wig, the other very young and shy, each with a gloved hand resting conspicuously on a spade handle. All of them, including the horses, were supplied with dangling gasmasks against emergency.

Everywhere their passage was marked with pleasure, even with sporadic cheers—Poles being always appreciative of a fine gesture. "Ah, it appears one is not yet forgotten here!" commented the princess complacently, adding with acerbity, "Why do you blush, my girl? It's not you they recognise!"

Tamara started. She had been looking about, as always in any crowd, for the face of a certain young American friend; and blushing at her own thoughts.

The street, always busy, was almost impassable that morning. "But what occurs?" demanded the old lady. "Do we celebrate some civic occasion? Where are all these people going?"

"Anywhere, madame, out of Warsaw," murmured the girl; and added, greatly daring, "as we should be going ourselves, while there is yet time."

"Ha!" said the other, her mad old eyes agleam. "Rats that desert the sinking ship, eh?" She paused abruptly, shocked by her own suggestion.

She was reassured, on reaching the scene of action, to find that others of her acquaintance had conceived the idea of setting humbler citizenry an example. Among them she noted the fashionable Countess Czapska, with her usual attendant, Pan Waclaw Chaluski.

The city's mayor, hero of his brief hour, came to kiss Princess Anastasia's hand, and to conduct her and Tamara ceremoniously toward an excavation into the side of which she thrust, under his direction, a quite vigorous spade. The onlookers applauded.

"And who," Pan Waclaw asked the countess, adjusting a monocle to his eye, "is the princess' present keeper-companion? Ah, to be sure, the foundling protegee. Quite lovely, really! How she grows to resemble Anastasia's handsome nephew, Victor."

"Fie, fie, Chaluski, such indelicacy!" chided the countess, smiling. "You know, many believe that Prince Victor married his little friend before he went off to be killed in the wars—though the family, of course, do not admit it. Rather amusing of the old spinster to challenge convention so, at this late date!"

"A Leczinski," he observed, "creates her own conventions. Especially Anastasia. But what a day to choose for a public appearance! Can it be that she has not heard——? I must go and send them away."

Princess Anastasia received him, as always, with much pleasure, finding in this fastidious dilettante of fashion, equally at home on the battlefield or in the drawing-room, a suave and charming ferocity of nature that met with congenial qualities in herself.

"It seems natural, Chaluski, mon cher, to see you again in uniform," she greeted him. "But why not at the front?"

"Has it not occurred to you, ma chere, that Warsaw is the front?"

"Absurd!" She shrugged. "No doubt my nephew's forces have retreated temporarily in order to outmanoeuvre the enemy. Once arrived at the Vistula——"

"The enemy," he said quietly, "crossed the Vistula some time since. And what, one wonders," he added with sudden sternness, "are you yourself doing in Warsaw, Princess, rather than at the front—your own front? With all young men mobilised, and the castle closed, to whom shall your peasantry turn for protection, when the enemy arrives?"

"So!" A gleam that he was watching for appeared in the senescent eyes. "Fedor, take away this silly shovel, and get me to my carriage. We have other things to occupy us than theatricals, it seems."

The girl Tamara, following with Pan Waclaw, said in a low voice, "My thanks, Monsieur le Colonel, for accomplishing the impossible."

He replied, "You made a mistake not to tell her the full truth, mademoiselle. She is less mad at times than people fancy."

The girl said desperately, "I know. But she is very difficult. All of us—servants, doctors, her present favorite, the cousin from America—have tried in vain to persuade her at least to retire to the country. Monsieur Stefan has offered to drive us, at any hour, in a car borrowed from the American Embassy."

"So the American relative still remains? That is foolish of Mr. Stefan Elliott. One wonders why?" He put up his monocle to inspect her blush, and dropped it, smiling. Then, leaning over the carriage door, he kissed the withered hand the princess lifted to him. "Do not, most cherished of sporting comrades, delay your departure for the place where you will assuredly be needed. Remember when the enemy appears, it will be well to take under the castle wing all young girls of the neighborhood. The Germans are also indefatigable colonisers."

She tapped his sleeve with an appreciative snicker of laughter. "Tiens, mon cher, you quite alarm me! Do you suppose that I myself shall be safe from their colonising attentions?"

"Only," he assured her gallantly, "because the Teutonic taste in such matters is perhaps less discerning than our own."

Evening headlines bore the account of the death that day of Colonel Waclaw Chaluski, together with many less illustrious citizens and soldiers, caught at their trench digging by German bombing planes. Among them was also the name of Wanda, Countess Czapska. But Princess Anastasia was spared knowledge of this, being already on her way to the country in an embassy car driven by the American cousin.

Stephen, because of his connection with this powerful family through Polish ancestry of his mother, had been frequently entertained at Princess Anastasia's country seat. But he came to it now, out of the extreme nervous tension of a city under siege, as into a sort of still enchantment, seeing with spelled eyes the sun-dappled vistas of wooded park, where fallow deer paused to gaze at them unafraid, out of shy, soft eyes like the girl Tamara's.

The house in the centre of this Gothic woodland was not, however, the antique castle it should have been, but merely a tall, rather ugly red brick mansion. Across the courtyard stood an older, simpler building, used now as a guest house; and from kennels at the rear rose a deep-throated baying of stag hounds. A priest in a black silk cassock came to welcome them, with several curtaying elderly maidservants.

"You come in a good hour, my daughter. The peasants frighten themselves. They say that the Russians are coming again."

"Russians? Absurd! No, no, this time it is merely Germans, who are, one must suppose, a fairly civilised enemy. You remember that my own half-sister, Natalie, married into a German house, where she pined away from lack of congenial society—in fact, she died of it," she added cheerfully; and went on into the house, commanding tea.

Stephen Elliott left the two ladies that evening with some relief, albeit with reluctance. There was a reassuring sense of security about the house, with its fringed, over-stuffed furniture, and faded photographs, and other family memorabilia, that reminded him nostalgically of his own grandparents' place on the Hudson; although here the walls bristled with hunting trophies, antlers, elk heads, horns of chamois and the like, which were the result of Princess Anastasia's own prowess.

"Yes, I was in my day as keen a shot as any of my brothers," she told her visitor complacently. "They took me everywhere. But the best shooting in the world is still to be found here in our own Polish forests. You must return to us in the hunting season, kinsman; no doubt this tiresome little affair will be well over by that time."

"No doubt, Princess," he said soberly. "But I hope to see you before that—in fact, as soon as my services are no longer required by our embassy."

Tamara, when the two parted, said with an anxiety that her shyness could not dissemble, "But, Monsieur Stefan, must you return to Warsaw? Surely there are no more of your countrymen left there now to aid. Why do you not follow the road straight away to Rumania, while it is still open?"

"BECAUSE," he explained, "I must first return this borrowed car, and then arrange by hook or crook to steal another one, so that I may come back and take you away to Rumania with me—you and Cousin Anastasia, of course. You must wait for me. Will you, Tamara?"

They looked at each other, hand-fast, their eyes eloquent, not daring to come closer; both were very young. The girl said at last, under her breath, "I will wait for you—always, Stefan."

Princess Anastasia's dry cough sounded just behind them. "Go, if you please, up to my room, dear, and fetch me a pocket handkerchief with which to wave farewell to our bold young Lochinvar out of the West," she said; adding stiffly to him, as Tamara disappeared, "I am afraid, my friend, that I must withdraw my invitation to return to us here. It would be a waste of your time. Having taken the girl into my household, I shall know how to protect her."

"But you don't understand," he blurted, crimsoning. "I'm in love with Tamara, and she with me! What's more," he exclaimed, the intention crystallising as he spoke, "I intend to marry her as soon as possible, so as to have the right to get her safely out of here."

"Marry? Tiens, it is even worse than I thought!" she murmured, not unkindly. "A girl of humble and unknown parentage, without dot—Decidedly I cannot again receive you during your stay in Poland. Perhaps at some future time——? Au revoir, cousin."

He accepted his dismissal willy-nilly, aware as he left of Tamara hurrying down the stairs with the required handkerchief.

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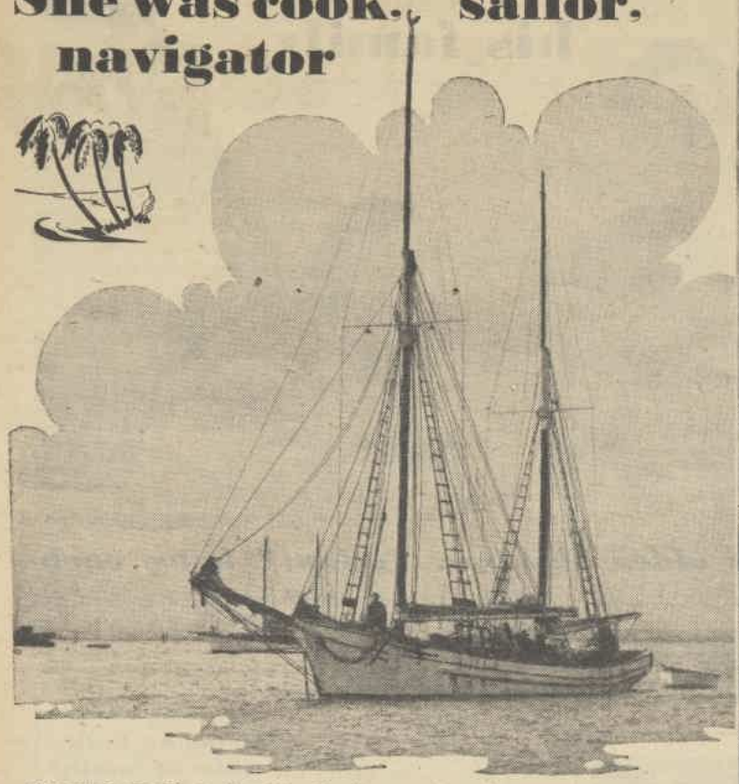
She was cook, sailor, navigator



FOR TWO YEARS of sailing, Eileen Morris was cook, navigator, and sailor on a ketch like this.

EILEEN MORRIS, who has spent five years roving the Pacific in a 32ft. ketch.

Girl sails tiny vessel 35,000 miles in five years of Pacific roving

From our Auckland representative

Cook, sailor and navigator of the 32-foot ketch, Te Rapunga, brown-eyed, 26-year-old Eileen Morris is back in port after five years of roving the Pacific.

When she left her home in Napier (N.Z.) she knew nothing of ocean cruising and her only accomplishments were typing and shorthand.

HER roving all started when one day she turned on the radio and heard Capt. Dibbern, master of the ketch Te Rapunga, asking anyone interested to look over the vessel.

Miss Morris was so delighted with the little ship that she accepted the offer to sail in it to Gisborne—the two days' trip extended to a trip round the world and five years on the sea.

When she stepped on the boat such places as Tahiti and Raratonga and Honolulu were only names on a map to her.

Since then she has sailed 35,000 miles, learned how to cook in a storm with basins held between her feet and with her knee jammed against a primus stove.

Accurate calculations

SHE has taken a turn at the wheel on roughest water, and made accurate landfalls after the Te Rapunga had tossed like a cork in mountainous seas.

"I always wanted to travel and thought that sailing in the Te Rapunga was the nicest way in which to do it," said Miss Morris.

"I still have that opinion, in spite of seasickness, storms, tinned food, flies and mosquitoes.

"It's the best way to see the world—you carry your home with you like a snail.

"When you live on the seas you come down to realities and trivialities fall away.

"I made hundreds of friends of different nationalities," said Miss Morris.

"Life at sea taught me to accept people for what they are."

Except for a brief holiday, Miss Morris spent the whole of the five years as one of the crew of the Te Rapunga.

At first she was the only woman with three men, but in the last two years she was the cook, the navigator and "able seaman."

Terrifying storms

"WHEN we first set out I was most terribly seasick.

"After a few days I recovered, and we passed through several fierce storms which terrified me when I saw the height of the waves.

"But our little ship floated like a cork," she said.

"As we often were wet and cold, I usually wore socks and bedsocks inside my boots. Then I had long woollen trousers, a shirt, a jersey and blazer, and oilskins.

"Cooking in storms was my greatest experience, because I never could put anything down.

"I had to hold the primus with one knee. When my hands were full I had to hold the basins on the floor between my feet, but I soon learned to turn out good meals from tins.

"Our stores included potatoes, rice and macaroni.

"From every island we visited we took away with us bananas, coconuts, pineapples and other fruit."

Miss Morris was modest about her ability as a navigator, but admitted that all her calculations had been absolutely accurate.

This, she said, was due to the sound teaching she had received from a Polish navigator at Tahiti.

"It's a thrill when land suddenly appears where you thought it might be," she said with a twinkle.

The storm the Te Rapunga passed through when Miss Morris was first starting her long voyage was a mere nothing to the terrific hurricane which they encountered off Palmerston Island.

"It hit us so hard that I honestly thought we could never reach New Zealand," she said.

"The tiller snapped off, the sea anchor was swept away, and the hatch, which got battered in, had to be stuffed with a mattress.

"From one o'clock one afternoon to six o'clock the next morning I had to pump water from below.

"At times I had to swim up on deck through the stream of water flowing over the vessel. It was the worst gale the Te Repunga had experienced in ten years. We were in the storm for 28 hours, and drifted 100 miles. We had no sleep for 48 hours."

She has been to Raratonga, Tahiti, Marquesas, Honolulu, Canada, and California, and still wants to see more of the Pacific Ocean.

Miss Morris has no special plans for the future. She would like to write a book, and in a year or two perhaps she might start roving again. She would also like to do some special welfare work.

"In getting through the hurricane I felt I had my life given back to me, so I intend to do the best I can for humanity," she said.

The only life

MISS MORRIS, after five years on the ketch Te Rapunga, says that sailing in a small vessel is the best way of seeing the world.

"It's the only life. And at sea the boat is your little world and the greater problems sink into oblivion in the task of getting your ship safely to port in spite of bad weather and hardship."

Miss Morris said she thinks sighting land is the most beautiful thing in a sailor's life . . . "One minute there is nothing but the sea—then the tiny smudge of land — and soon ports, people, and another strange and colorful country."

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Soldier's triplets double his family

AT THE HOSPITAL, Private and Mrs. G. G. Humphries with their six fine young Australians.

AT LEFT: The Humphries triplets, of South Australia, whose arrival turned the family of three into six.

Three older children "adopt" baby each

South Australian soldier, Private G. G. Humphries, and his wife have become the proud parents of triplets. This doubled the size of their family.

The triplets are two girls and a boy. Mr. and Mrs. Humphries already have two girls and a boy!

"WE are thrilled to have the triplets," said the father and mother to an Australian Women's Weekly representative who went to see the babies at the nursing home where they were born.

The elder children had just been brought to see the triplets for the first time. They were spellbound.

They sat on the edge of their mother's bed and gazed open-mouthed at the three tiny bundles in their pink and blue blanket shawls.

"That one is mine," said four-year-old Graham, pointing his chubby little fingers at baby Garry. "Isn't he a little tiny baby? Only so big," he said, and held his small hands about six inches apart.

Graham has lost his status as baby of the family, but he doesn't mind. He only longs for the moment he can nurse his brother Garry.

"Each of the children has claimed one of the triplets," explained their father.

"I want Muriel Florence," said six-year-old Noreen.

"Irene Marjorie is mine," said 7-year-old Yvonne, eldest of the family.

The triplets didn't care whom they belonged to. Irene, the eldest one by minutes, lay with her little eyes blinking at the ceiling. Every now and then she gave a prodigious yawn.

The other little girl Muriel, calm, placid, and paler of skin, just snuggled her face into her mother's shoulder and slept.

Baby Garry cried for a few minutes with a good healthy lusty cry when his father picked him up. Then he decided that a khaki-clad sleeve was really a very comfortable thing, and he, too, dropped off to sleep.

Sturdy children

MRS. HUMPHRIES surveyed her family with a smile. She looked very young as she sat up in bed in an attractive green bed-jacket.

She has every reason to be proud. They are a fine lot of children. Sturdy Yvonne with blue eyes, slender wiry-looking Noreen and chubby little Graham, and three new babies all the picture of health.

The triplets weighed 15¼lbs. when they were born. The boy and one girl weighed 5lb. at birth, and the other girl weighed 5¼lbs.

"They are Australia's best immigrants," said Sister Goldney, matron of the hospital.

Sister Goldney looks after the babies herself.

She said that although they are triplets they are not much smaller than babies of average weight, and they can be bathed and dressed with ease. They have two-and-a-half-hourly feeds.

"Life is mostly sleep for them though," she said, and admitted that they were remarkably good.

Twins on both sides of family

ALTHOUGH there are no triplets on either side of the Humphries family, there have been twins on both sides.

Private Humphries has twin nieces, and the next oldest sisters in Mrs. Humphries' family are twins.

Mrs. Humphries is the third youngest of a family of fourteen, and Mr. Humphries is the eldest of a family of eight.

Mrs. Humphries, formerly Eileen Nicholls, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Nicholls, of Kent Town, S.A.

"They can make a noise when they all cry together, though," said their father.

Private Humphries plays in the 4th Garrison Battalion Band at all special military occasions, and for military marches.

Music is his hobby. He says that ever since he was about 12 years old he has played for his own pleasure in various municipal bands.

He is already teaching his children the theory of music. In the drawing-room of the Humphries' villa in Beulah Road, Norwood, is a blackboard written all over in chalk, with quavers and semiquavers and other musical symbols.

Each day the children have a lesson.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Humphries plan to teach them to play the piano which is waiting in the corner of the room.

On the day the triplets were born his battalion officer allowed him the day off, because he said he was sure he would be very busy and have a lot of running here and there to do.

"Quite right, I did. And I was so flabbergasted with it all," he said.

"How about the expense of triplets?" he was asked.

"Now you have got me thinking a bit," he said.

"You see. We had allowed for one. Now there are three chairs to be got for the babies to have their meals in. And three beds for them to sleep in. And a pram."

Private Humphries, however, now gets an increase of £1/11/6 a week in his pay.

Mrs. Humphries is in a very practical manner planning to cope with the situation.

She said that as soon as she felt strong enough she would get at her knitting. In the hospital she hopes to make some sets of babies' things.

The children's relations are turning up trumps. They are bringing little knitted woolly garments they had made for one child, and are hastily adding others for the triplets.

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McLACHLAN, D.F.C., was always "a fearless tackle"

Footballer-airman owes flying fame to mother

First decoration of this war to go to an R.A.A.F. fighter pilot is the Distinguished Flying Cross awarded to Wing-Commander Ian Dougald McLachlan, of Melbourne.

A few hours before the news was released to the public it came to a certain white-doored, red-brick house in Elwood in the form of an urgent telegram.

ALL SMILES. Mrs. B. McLachlan reads the telegraphed news of her son being awarded the D.F.C. to friends over the telephone.

WING-COMMANDER Ian D. McLachlan, D.F.C., first R.A.A.F. fighter pilot to win that decoration.

"I'M glad I was not there when it came," said the wing-commander's mother, Mrs. B. McLachlan. "I wouldn't have known what to expect when I saw an urgent telegram.

"As it was, I had been away for a week. When I got back, my daughter June was waiting for me.

"She ran out into the garden crying, 'Mother, we've got some wonderfully good news. And wasn't it nice of them to send such a long message.'

"Then I read it before I got inside the house:—

"'Have much pleasure in informing you that an immediate award of Distinguished Flying Cross has been made to your son, Wing-Commander I. D. McLachlan, and desire convey you congratulations Minister for Air and Air Board stop Citation reads he has led his squadron with great zeal and offensive spirit, performing fine military feats stop He has contributed to the high morale, and under his determined leadership the squadron has often overwhelmed numerically superior enemy.

Air Board.'

"It was a great surprise. We had no idea what Ian was doing over there. He writes regularly, and asks for lots of news about the family, but he never mentions flying."

Broad and athletic, dark-haired, dark-eyed, 5ft. 11in. tall and 29 years old, Wing-Commander McLachlan, who, by the way, has only been a wing-commander for five weeks, is the fourth child in a family of six.

His friends call him "Mack."

The Distinguished Flying Cross.

His father, the late Mr. Dougald McLachlan, was well known as a teacher in the Victorian Education Department, and was the author of several books on mathematics.

His only brother, Mr. Keith McLachlan, is manager of the Bank of New South Wales, Broome, W.A.

Two of his four sisters, Mrs. John Beckett and Mrs. R. Davies, live in Melbourne.

The other two sisters, Pat and June, live with his mother at Elwood.

If it had not been for the far-sightedness of his mother, Wing-Commander McLachlan might never have become an airman.

Mrs. McLachlan told about her son's career between trips to answer the ever-ringing telephone.

"Ian always wanted to be an engineer and build bridges," she said. "Perhaps he would have been one if his father had not died when he was still a schoolboy. Then it was out of the question.

"So I looked about for the next best thing. I decided that the Air Force was the coming thing for boys, so I sent him to Duntroon with that in mind.

"Ian was very well fitted for the Air Force. He had something of his father's gift for mathematics, and organising ability, too.

"He rose quickly, as he had always done, even when he was at Pleasant Street Central School, Ballarat, at the Williamstown High School, and later at Melbourne High School.

"He went to Duntroon in 1928. Two years later he was allotted to the R.A.A.F. and commenced his flying training at Point Cook in 1932.

"When war came in September, 1939, he became a squadron-leader. He went off to the Middle East in charge of a squadron last July.

"When I look back, there have been plenty of times to be proud of Ian. You know, he went away as second in command of the contingent of airmen that went over to the Coronation, and he came back in command.

"He's a grand son, but once he got his teeth into a fight I am sure he would never let go.

"That's a characteristic that showed all through his career. He was always a great athlete. I remember one year when he was at Richmond he carried off eight out of twelve cups for athletics.

"As 'Mack' McLachlan he was pretty well known as a Rugby Union player both in N.S.W. and Victoria.

"He played for Duntroon, for Drummoyne Rugby Club, Sydney, and for the Harlequins, Victoria, before the Air Force entered its own team for local competition.

"He was chosen as captain of the Air Force team.

"They said he was an ideal leader.

"I remember getting terribly muddled when some of the sports writers talked about his 'nippiness off the mark,' and said he was a 'fearless tackle,' but maybe those words can refer to something more than a Rugby game.

"He is evidently still a 'fearless tackle.'"

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WW. 15/2/'41.

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Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Getting Up Nights

If you're feeling out o-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

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Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

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Cystex for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

The GUARANTEED Remedy

Enemy Sighted

Continued from page 5

THE Perseus shot ahead almost directly away from the enemy, leaving the Petard rapidly behind. The submarine commenced turning in the direction the signal had indicated. From her low bridge nothing could be seen as yet. She would have to run down much closer before the pocket battleship came within her horizon.

"Catapult the plane!" Captain Blair ordered. It was for this that he was running away, much as it griped his fighting soul. He wanted to get both his planes off before the guns opened up and the blast of gunfire ripped the fabric from their wings.

He was depending on the planes to help him lay a smoke screen behind which he could dodge in case of necessity and under whose cover he might be able to approach to decisive range. Both planes had had their bombs removed and replaced by smoke tanks.

Peterson, the senior pilot, had strenuously protested that decision, but Blair had a very clear idea in his mind as to how the action might develop. The certain assistance of the smoke was better than the speculation of damage a few light bombs might do to his agile and well-armored antagonist.

The plane took off with a roar. While they were hoisting the second one to the catapult the Perseus made her turn towards the enemy. Blair would take his chances of getting the second plane off while he was closing the range.

Shortly after he made the turn he passed the Petard, on the surface and still making top speed.

"Tell the engine-room to commence making smoke," Blair ordered. He would need that smoke later on, and under its cover the Petard would close to attack while still making fifteen knots on the surface.

The second plane got off, and almost as she did so the gunnery officer reported the first enemy salvo. Twenty-seven thousand yards. The Perseus had a long way to go before she could return the fire. He could hear the six eleven-inch shells rumbling and roaring as they came. Splashes arose close aboard. Close aboard and on both sides of the ship. Straddle! Straddle at twenty-seven thousand yards!

He knew then that he was going to have a hard battle. This ship could shoot.

He put the rudder over and changed course to port. It would throw off the enemy's fire control, for they would have a hard time discerning minor changes of course at that range. Sure enough, the second salvo landed three hundred yards to starboard.

He turned towards its point of fall. Chasing salvos. He was depending upon the enemy's thoroughness in correcting the fall of shot to save the cruiser from being hit. It was an old dodge, too old to keep an alert enemy guessing very long.

Abruptly he was aware that a new element must enter his calculations. High up in the cloudless sky and well over to port out of reach of the cruiser's anti-aircraft guns the enemy plane was rapidly gaining spotting position. Now he must pay the penalty for that initial run away. That and his careful preparation had given him two planes in the air to the enemy's one, but it had also given the enemy an opportunity to advance his one plane.

Something must be done about it immediately. The plane would report his manoeuvres and her spotting would greatly improve the accuracy of the enemy's shooting at long range.

Far worse than that was the danger of discovery of the Petard. The submarine was coming down under cover of the cruiser's funnel smoke. It couldn't be depended upon absolutely to conceal her.

"Open fire on enemy aircraft, bearing two nine zero," he ordered his gunnery officer. The plane was far out of reach of the anti-aircraft battery, he knew, but it would do the men good to hear the sound of their own guns. It was trying to be under fire and not able to return it. The anti-aircraft battery opened enthusiastically.

The third salvo fell. A miss to port. The range was closing nearly two thousand yards every minute. If his luck would only hold out for a few minutes longer, Blair thought, he might be able to give them something to think about.

"Order the planes to drive off enemy spotting aircraft," he directed.

That was an order he was reluctant to give. The planes had been maintaining a position in readiness to lay down a screen at his direction. He might need that screen, need it badly.

The white bursts from the anti-aircraft were all far short of their target.

"Cease firing," Blair ordered. No use wasting ammunition.

The fourth salvo came over while the anti-aircraft battery was firing. It was another straddle.

If Blair's initial manoeuvre had given the enemy time to advance his plane it must also have seriously misled him. At twenty-five thousand yards the Admiral Schroder could have made a target practice out of the engagement, for the Perseus could not reach him at that range. The light cruiser had the superior speed, but closing the range would have been a slow process if the enemy had fought a retiring action.

No doubt she thought she had the element of surprise on her side. Perhaps she expected the overmatched Perseus to retreat as soon as the first few salvos established her identity. At any rate she kept boring in and the range was down to twenty-two thousand yards.

Blair saw that his planes had received his orders over their short-wave radio. They were advancing together on the enemy plane. He hadn't seen them drop their smoke tanks. He hoped that they had not.

The extra weight would handicap them in their climb to the enemy and in a dog fight later, if it came to that, but with two planes to one they would stand a good chance of bluffing the enemy plane into retiring to the protection of his own anti-aircraft guns. He hoped his own pilots would be content with that.

He needed only a few minutes. Just a few minutes, and how badly he would want that smoke screen when he wanted it.

IN the next few minutes Blair was too busy to follow what was happening in the air. But Peterson, the senior pilot, had a good idea of what was expected of him. He held on to his smoke tanks and advanced as though he intended to fight it out right there, but it was with relief that he saw the enemy bank and turn and wing its way back towards the Schroder.

He followed, not pushing the chase too hard, and when the first puffs of anti-aircraft fire appeared he retired. He could wait. The enemy plane would come back. After he had finished his smoke mission Peterson could afford to risk his plane.

. . . . .

In the fire-control tower directly above the bridge, Lieutenant-Commander Fields, the gunnery officer, was beside himself with anxiety lest an unlucky hit should wipe out half his battery before he could return the fire. Twenty-one thousand yards. They had been under fire for nearly four minutes. He had to clench his teeth to keep from shouting the order to commence firing.

"Commence firing," came the welcome order at last.

"Commence firing," Fields repeated over the fire-control telephone.

The response was instantaneous. A hundred and fifty men in those turrets had been tensely awaiting that order. Almost before the words were spoken the first salvo was off. The whole ship trembled to the shock of eight six-inch shells simultaneously leaving the guns.

Almost before the concussion had ceased the second salvo left the ship. And then the third not far behind it.

"Check fire."

The plotting-room long ago had had instructions for those opening salvos. Far down below in the interior of the ship men had been busy over instruments and plotting board, working out the rate of change of bearing and deflection, assembling the data from various observers and instruments and sending it out to the guns.

Those first three salvos were sent out spaced to fall five hundred yards apart in range. Then they would wait until the shells fell and correct the range by spotting.

While they waited the Schroder scored her second hit. Fields distinctly heard the hit and felt the shock of impact.

"Hit on the forecastle abreast the anchor engine," he heard the damage-control lookout report.

His own salvos were falling. Short! Short again! Straddle!

"Up five double-oo," the spotter called.

"Resume fire."

All eight turret guns responded in unison. Fields could feel the air leaving his lungs with explosive force. He had been holding his breath waiting to give that order.

Eight seconds. Another full salvo, all off together as though the Perseus was firing at an inanimate target. Fields felt better. He hadn't been able to bear the thought of all that training, all that preparation being wiped out on any part of his battery by one lucky enemy shell before he had had a chance to return the fire.

There would be five or six salvos in the air before the first one fell. He felt a glow of pride replace his nervousness as his battery continued to pump out shells at a prodigious rate.

Smoke appeared at the forward hatch. The repair party advanced in the lee of the turrets to fight the fire the hit had caused. The Perseus would be lucky if a forward hit didn't clip a knot or two off her speed.

"Down two double-oo, left one," Fields heard the spotter call out. They were on the target. The spotter in his passion for perfection was making minor corrections to get the mean point of impact at the centre of the target.

Below on the bridge Blair was intently watching the fall of shot. It was too far away to judge their effect, but the sea around the Schroder was alive with splashes. They must be getting hits.

Between fifty and sixty shells were falling around his antagonist every minute. At that range the six-inch shells could not penetrate her armor, but they could disrupt her fire control and cut her superstructure to pieces.

The Schroder's fire control hadn't suffered yet. With the decreasing range her rate of fire had increased. She was getting off two salvos nearly every minute. The Perseus seemed to have a charmed life. Great geysers of water rose out of the sea on either hand. Tons of water from the splashes were falling on deck. Shells that hit the water burst after impact and their splinters were the worst that the Perseus had to contend with. Shell fragments penetrated the thin sides of her superstructure.

At the anti-aircraft guns the inactive men were being bowled over like tenpins. Blair noted with approval that the battery officer was ordering the men to lie down on deck. Almost at his elbow a signal quartermaster was hit by a fragment. That there was worse to come he knew.

Glancing aft, Blair could see the thick black pall of the funnel smoke lying close to the water. For the first time for months he was thankful that there was no breeze. The smoke would lay. Back on the quarter-deck men were throwing over what must be the last of the smoke floats. Their white fumes streaked the black pall of funnel smoke.

It seemed as though they had been under fire for hours. Six minutes had passed since the Schroder's first salvo. There was the shock of a direct hit followed by the burst of the shell. It must have been on Turret One. It was silent now, the guns still trained out toward the target, but mute and motionless.

At eighteen thousand yards Captain Blair couldn't see that he had made much impression on the enemy. She still fired regularly. He had only six guns now with which to reply, but those six guns were still firing with clocklike regularity.

Then the Perseus took another hit. The bridge itself tottered beneath the captain's feet. The mast wavered and for a brief instant he thought it was going to fall. There was a volcanic roar, almost under the bridge it seemed.

The air was filled with white hot steam. The bridge personnel threw themselves on the deck to escape it. Lying flat on the deck the captain yelled, "Right full rudder."

As soon as he could breathe he got to his feet. He could feel the ship slowing down. The Perseus would have to get into the smoke screen or the end would come in a few minutes. The forward boiler-room had taken a direct hit. It would be some time before he knew the full extent of the damage, but he couldn't doubt that it was extreme.

He eased the rudder and the light cruiser limped toward the smoke screen and temporary security.

The after turrets got off a couple of salvos, ragged and uncertain, as they tried to keep on the target with the Perseus swinging under full rudder. Then, before they could enter the screen, the last dreaded hit came.

To be concluded

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HELP KIDNEYS PASS 3 LBS. A DAY

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood are the cause of frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body will take up these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACK-ACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

Women also Serve..

Salvation Army works for bomb victims and service men

"THE pink, yellow, blue, and purple of the Australian quilts just about dazzled our eyes on a misty November London morning when we opened the cases."

This was the message sent by Mrs. General Carpenter, World President of Red Shield Services, to the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Sydney.

Mrs. Carpenter was expressing the gratitude of the English people for the many comforts which have been sent from Australia for the air-raid victims.

"We rarely have time to store the goods, as they are needed so badly that they have to be sent out immediately they arrive," her letter continued.

At Sydney headquarters, many helpers are busy every day in the two main war-work sections, which are supervised by Mrs. Commissioner Harewood, Mrs. Colonel George Grattan, and Colonel Mary Macfarlane.

Founder of the clothing for refugees section is Mrs. Colonel Harold Graham. She started the work about 13 months ago, when she made a personal search for gifts of discarded clothing, which she washed, unpicked, and remade into useful clothing for Polish refugees.

With an ever-increasing number of helpers she has continued the work, and in recent months more than 35,000 garments have been sent to England.

Sleeping bags for babies in air-raid shelters are made by a special committee from pieces of blankets. Each bag contains bandages in case the children should be injured.

What is needed

TINY mittens and bootees are made from scraps left over from the blankets, and in a recent letter Mrs. Carpenter asked that future parcels should specially include knitted jumpers, tweed skirts, and bloomers for little girls, and jumpers and trousers for small boys.

"This should prove a guide to people who want to know how best they can help the British children," said Mrs. Graham.

In the room reserved for soldiers' comforts, Mrs. Colonel Cottrell, Mrs. Brigadier McIlveen, and Mrs. Major Franks are in charge of the two knitting machines. With their helpers they can complete one pair of long knitted socks in half an hour.

"We learned how to operate the machines in October, and since then we have made more than 250 pairs of long socks from wool supplied to us by the Comforts Fund," said Mrs. Cottrell.

"All our socks are 23 inches long and we make them in a ribbed pattern. Working with the machines we can complete in half an hour what would take a hand knitter probably weeks.

"We also receive knitted garments from outside helpers, and send parcels of comforts to accompany men on troopships and for those overseas.

"Mrs. Turner, one of the helpers, does all the hand-grafting of the long socks, and her work is so perfect that it is impossible to tell where the machine work ended and her hand work began," said Mrs. Cottrell.

WHILE MRS. COTTRELL (left) continues her work on the knitting machine, Mrs. G. Grattan and Mrs. E. Harewood inspect a perfectly-knitted 23-inch sock intended for the A.I.F. overseas. It takes half an hour to complete a pair of long socks.

Social events for good causes

FEBRUARY 12: Bridge party, Forum Club, for Australian Army Medical Corps.

February 14: Evening party arranged by Victoria League Young Contingent, at Miss Anne Hill's home, St. Mark's Road, Darling Point.

February 14: Baking Brigade opens cake stall, Martin Place.

February 14: Card party, 1st Forestry Unit, Carlton Hotel, 8 p.m.

February 17: Performance of J. B. Priestley's "Roundabout," in aid of Red Cross, Conservatorium.

February 18: Dance on Showboat, to aid Greek Red Cross.

February 20: Card afternoon, 7th Division Cavalry Women's Auxiliary room, Asbestos House, York Street.

March 1: Dance, 2/15th Field Regiment, Mark Foy's ballroom.

Are sending comforts to soldiers in Greece

WOMEN of the Greek community, headed by Madame Vrisakis, wife of the Consul-General, are packing a shipment of flannel shirts, socks, and scarves to send to Athens. This will be the third lot shipped by the Greek Women's Comforts Fund since the committee was formed early in December.

Helpers are needed to knit the 15-inch socks and to work at their room, 206 Castlereagh Street. They have one knitting machine, and hope soon to get a sewing-machine.

The honorary organiser (Mrs. D. Lennox) and the secretary (Mrs. C. Andronico) are among committee members who attend the workroom several times a week to hand out wool and receive and pack goods which many country supporters send in.

To sell 1,000,000 buttons throughout Australia during Greek Day, February 28, is the ambition of the organisers in Sydney, where a large committee of Australian and Grecian women is working to make the appeal an outstanding success.

Every State has its own committee.

Letter of thanks from N.Z. Prime Minister

RECOGNITION of the war work they are doing in Australia has been received by members of the New Zealand Auxiliary War Unit from the New Zealand Prime Minister, Mr. Fraser.

Also letters of appreciation have been sent by officers and men of New Zealand troopships which have passed through Sydney.

A strenuous job, yet an interesting one, is that of honorary pianist at a services canteen, and the New Zealand Auxiliary Unit is appealing for pianists to join the Anzac Buffet detachment.

"We also hope to form an orchestra of our own," said Mrs. Linda Ferguson, the organising secretary. Any member who can play any musical instrument is asked to send in her name to Mrs. Ferguson.

The services of stenographers and typists also are needed for office work at the unit's rooms, 14 Martin Place.

All the activities are in full swing again, and members are wanted for the signalling, fencing and physical culture classes which are held each Monday night.

The sewing bees are held on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at the rooms, and all materials are supplied. There is a need for expert machinists.

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Cake-makers have own shop for war effort

FROM the idea of a cake-baking contest among Sydney housewives has developed the Sydney Baking Brigade, which will open in Martin Place on February 14 to raise money for the war effort.

President and organiser is Mrs. D. R. Butler, of Wollstonecraft (Tel. XP1897).

"During our contest before Christmas we raised £147, which was distributed among the various branches of the A.C.F.," said Mrs. Butler.

"I thought that as we had collected such a wonderful list of excellent cake-makers it would be a pity to let them disband, and they willingly agreed to join together to run a daily shop.

"The council granted us the land, and we raised money to equip the shop with cooking facilities, and we will have a roster of workers and sellers there every day.

"We will also sell home-made jam and pickles."

CUTS quickly healed

READ HOW REXONA OINTMENT HELPED THIS BUSHMAN IN A NASTY ACCIDENT

"My friend cut in between his big toe to a depth of two inches, and as we were 15 miles from the nearest township, something had to be done, and once again 'Rexona Ointment' did the trick . . . I cleaned the wound and put Rexona Ointment into the open gash and left the bandage on for two weeks. When he took it off the wound, it was one of the cleanest I have ever seen."

(R. J. Potter, Bullimba, Brisbane, Q.)

Just another proof of Rexona's wonderful healing power! Even the smallest cut or scratch needs this protection against infection. You'll be amazed how swiftly this cool, soothing ointment takes away smart and sting, how gently its healing medications bind broken tissues and aid in forming new healthy skin. But don't wait till accidents happen! Be prepared. Have Rexona handy *always!* 25 years proved success in Australia. Ask your chemist.

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9½d. per tablet. *(City and Suburbs).*

O.1.31

if

If "regular pain" makes you cross, irritable and impatient

★If you fly into a rage one minute, and burst into tears the next. If at this "same time" every month you face inevitable backache, cramps, dull exhausting pains, and those blinding nerve headaches . . . until you feel you simply can't go through it again. *Then, if you would just give Myzone a trial, how different all this would be . . . what a change it would make to your whole health and outlook!*

How many young women like yourself risk losing jobs and friendships because they let "regular" pains rob them of strength and health!

Nature did not mean you to suffer so cruelly. If you would only try Myzone tablets you'd quickly learn that it's old-fashioned to put up with these conditions every month.

Myzone is a wonderful new discovery, made for the special purpose of relieving the *pain* of menstruation without affecting the natural function, and without the need of drugs or opiates that "dope" and depress the entire system.

Myzone tablets are helping tens of thousands of women through their difficult times each month. Why not give Myzone a chance to help you . . . get a box from your chemist to-day, and take a few tablets while you're "not well" — the slim purse-fitting size should give you four months of comfort and relief.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

when treated with

"VANIX"

become less and less noticeable after the first few applications, then gradually wither and finally are completely destroyed.

"Vanix," a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, is simple and pleasant to use, quite harmless to the skin, and is obtainable, price 5/9 (posted 6/1) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm or if he is listless, loses appetite and is always scratching—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders — a sure way of keeping him fit. BARKO purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 15, 1941

47 MILLION CHURCHILLS

BRITAIN, facing the threat of invasion again this spring (or earlier if Hitler can make it), is relying on the little man — England's glorious anonymous hero—to see her through.

It's a pity that the English language does not give us a composite word for a man, his wife, and family.

For wherever there has been a man in the story of England beleaguered, there has been a woman by his side.

Once already against the desperate courage of the men and women of the British Isles all the fury of Hitler's insensate blitzkrieg has rolled back defeated.

No wonder the Fuehrer froths in hysterical rage. For the man who gave him his first galling defeat isn't even a soldier—just an ordinary everyday Briton. He can't retaliate when Hitler's black eagles of the night rain death on him and his wife and children.

He bows his head to the storm, goes to his shelter till the "all clear" is given.

Sleeps if he can, sings if he can't. Smokes a bit, grumbles a little, and emerges to take up the daily round — stolid, stubborn, and determined that Hitler shan't shake his morale.

This man frightens Hitler more than a thousand armies.

Hitler was able to smash Warsaw; Rotterdam's 30,000 death-roll was achieved in 30 minutes—the greatest bag yet for the Nazi vultures—but this man keeping the citadel of England's capital has a tiny candle of life which cannot be quenched by bombs or fire.

In his breast burns the last torch of liberty—and Hitler knows there is no bomb that can destroy a soul.

Eventually the might of Britain's arms will beat the Nazi back, ground his air-force, conquer his cities.

For that victory we shall thank the steadfast figure of Britain's man in the street and his wife.

Forty-seven million little Churchills seeing it through.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Corporal U. R. Druce to his sister, Mrs. T. Crisp, Sturt St., Murray Bridge, S.A.:

"WE have lost four cobbers who have been moved to another unit—worse luck.

"Still, one never knows, we may meet again.

"It seems funny, though. A pal of months just marches out of your life as if he were going to a party.

"Just 'See you later,' and he is gone, perhaps for good.

"By gee, it looks as if old Musso has overstepped the mark this time with Greece.

"Heaven help him when our chaps go into it. They will cause a dust-storm running through the sand."

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A seaman with the R.A.N. to his mother in Queensland:

"WE have been to Athens, Greece. It is a very nice place. The sailors are sure popular with the population.

"Crowds line all available spaces when they see the ships entering the harbor.

"One night we were there the Greeks were celebrating a victory, so you can guess what kind of a time the sailors had.

"Before we woke up to what all the noise was about we thought it was an air-raid, as bells were ringing, rifles going off, people shouting. They sure celebrate when they start.

"With all the places we have visited and the wonderful experience, the old home town will still come first."

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Sapper L. M. Daly in Egypt to his fiancee at Bondi, N.S.W.:

"AN Arab who spoke a little English saw the ring you gave me as a farewell present and asked me if I had a wife.

"Well, with the little Arabic I know, and his English, I tried to tell him I had a girl but no wife. But he couldn't understand, so I told him I had a wife and showed him your photo.

"He was quite impressed, and tried to bargain with me for you.

"He was willing to give me two of his wives, one camel, one donkey and two chickens, so you see you are worth something on the market valuation in Egypt."

Winnie the War Winner

"He says he wants a couple of bombs . . . Do you think we should give them to him?"

Pte. J. W. Watkins to his mother at Massie, near Warwick, Qld.:

"WELL, mother, once again I am writing on board ship.

"If you make a wild guess you will not be too far wrong in our destination. We are all making wild guesses ourselves.

"I am getting sick of this travelling around and doing nothing.

"They call us the 'Five Bob Tourists' and we are sure living up to the name. But I daresay if we travel far and long enough we will get somewhere and strike something in the end."

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Sister Baxter, an Australian nursing in a military hospital in England, to her mother in Nowra, N.S.W.:

"WE had a direct hit by a bomb a few nights ago. Another one fell nearby with drastic results, and our lovely new hospital is in ruins.

"The whole of the surgical division is completely wiped out and the medical division is badly damaged, but we hope to reopen one or two wards in another fortnight or three weeks.

"Our casualty list was really surprisingly low. Two patients were killed instantly and one has died since, but, apart from a few minor injuries to the sisters, that is all.

"There were about 800 people in the building that night, so it is rather marvellous to think we got them all out safely.

"I was only blown out of my room into the corridor.

"We can giggle over it now. I guess Hitler would be mad if he could have seen us, for even in tragedy there is always something to laugh about."

Driver Reg Hayes in Palestine to his family in Cornwall, Tas.:

"THE man running the Y.M.C.A. just read us out this bit of verse.

"'And the angels came and looked at it,
And they called it Gippo-land.
They filled it with mosquitoes
And they covered it with sand.
They talk about the Promised Land—
Thank God it is not mine,
So they put more sand round Gippo-land,
And they called it Palestine.'

"I guess it is a bit of an exaggeration because so far I haven't seen any mosquitoes, and there is a lot of land without sand."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private Cyril Johns to his wife at 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, S.A.:

"WE had a very good Christmas.

"It was our day all right. The officers, including the Colonel, donned giggle suits and did all the waiting at the tables.

"You remember 'Nugget'? He made things bright by giving the officers orders.

"He told the Colonel to stop loafing and get on with his job of sweeping the cookhouse floor, and told them all to shake themselves up or else they would get C.B. or extra duties.

"This seemed to give the boys a bit of courage, so they put one of the sergeants under the tap, and before long all met with the same fate, including the Colonel.

"They joined in the fun and had us all ducking away from the taps when they started to squirt us."

✣ ✣ ✣

A soldier to a friend in Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"WE were marched to a street in the town called the Avenue Remembrance, where we formed a guard of honor on the side footpath and stood in the bleak wind for two hours.

"However, we were compensated for our stay by the arrival of the King, who, accompanied by our four screaming sirens announcing the advent of another air-raid, inspected the troops.

"At the conclusion of this inspection he toured the town amid cheers from the civil population.

"It was a memorable occasion, and, rightly so, it will remain an 'Avenue of Remembrance.'"

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A member of the A.I.F. at sea to a girl friend in New Farm, Brisbane:

"EVERY meal another chap and I go down to the cookhouse, take our shirts off, and mingle with the few dozen cooks who go about in singlets.

"Then we get a couple of plates each and go away with platefuls of the best of the officers' tucker.

"In the hurry and scurry no one seems to notice us helping ourselves.

"The cooks have got used to seeing us around now, and the old chef has not wakened up to the two cooks who come round every meal.

"My cobber did this all the way over to England while I was eating stewed frozen meat and tinned beans every meal."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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GINGER can't conduct a tram... much less himself

Fateful journey with a fat man, a fat woman, and a bagful of pennies

By MAL VERCO and GINGER
Australia's famous entertainers

It's simply a waste of time being methodical when there's a being like Ginger in the house.

At the same time, I doubt—and hope I'm right in doubting—that there's a being even remotely like him anywhere.

Ginger's plain and fancy tram-conducting worries his passengers.

FOR instance, I went to the spot on the mantelpiece where I usually keep my petrol ration tickets the other morning. There were none left. Just a scrawled note on the back of the garageman's bill. **"Tenn gals for one gal. Thanks, Mal. Ginger."**

It puzzled me until I remembered that Ginger had told me at breakfast that he'd taken his new aluminium blonde out the night before. And I'd been fool enough to just grin at him.

So, with no ration tickets available, I dragged myself to the nearest tram line, and swung aboard a city-bound car. Looking back on that journey now, I wish I'd walked barefoot all the way.

All the passengers had a sort of strained, tense look. I glanced at the conductor's back as he punched a ticket. Looked again . . . and then hid behind my seat-mate's paper. The conductor was Ginger! It was useless.

I heard an outraged squawk from a passenger as something heavy trod on his foot, and there, looming over the top of an interesting article on the psycho-analysis of the liver-fluke, was the beaming face of Ginger.

"Well," he said pushing a cap about three sizes too large for him on to the back of his head, "if it isn't the old Verk!" He grinned. "Skip it . . . skip it, stoop," he said airily, as I fumbled for a fare, "this one's on the house, Mal!"

He looked up and down the car with a proprietorial air. "I'm doing Luke's job—me brother's job—for the day," he answered my unspoken question. "Poor old Luke—he had an accident on the run yesterday!"

"Not serious?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Ginger, "nothing serious . . . anyway, it serves him right. Fancy trying to play whip-behind on your own tramcar . . . he wouldn't have had to pay a fare, anyway . . . as though the conductor had to pay himself for taking himself for a ride . . . why . . ."

"Hadn't you better collect the fares?" I said hurriedly, as the rest of the passengers began to take an avid interest in our conversation. Or rather, in Ginger's monologue.

A load of copper

"OKE, Maisie," said Ginger, picking himself up from a woman's lap as the tram swung round a corner, "FARESALLFARESPERLEASE—PAYUP AND LIKE IT," he yelled in a stentorian voice, and lurched along to where a fat man with a frightened look fumbled in his pocket.

Ginger stood over him menacingly, till the fat man positively cringed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Conductor," he said, producing a note, "I've not a single penny in my pocket."

Ginger folded the pound note, and shoved it absently into his tunic pocket. "No pennies, eh?" he said with a leer. "Don't let that worry you, Tiny . . . you're going to have 232 of them in about two ticks"—and crashed the copper into the fat man's hands.

After a brief argument, over which the other passengers won and lost a lot of money, the fat fellow accepted the coins under protest, shoved them into his various pockets, and sat down with a dull clang.

"Do you stop at the river?" he asked Ginger.

"There'll be a mess if we don't," replied Ginger, looking at the fat man with slight compassion in his eyes.

The fat chap sounded like an accident in a tinsmith's shop every time he breathed. "Look here," said Ginger, "if you don't want all those pennies, I can change some of them for you." He produced a threepenny bit.

The fat man waved it aside. "It doesn't matter," he said mournfully, "I'm going to get out at the next stop. I'm walking a lot to reduce."

"Body" in the bag

"GOSH," said Ginger, when the fat man looked the other way, "he reminds me of the woman I helped on board a coupla trips ago, Mal . . . that woman was so heavy that after I'd levered her onto the car I was too weak to punch the ticket!"

"Go on!" I said jocularly.

"Yeah," said Ginger, "you see a lot of human nature on trams . . . when the woman got on the tram a bloke hopped up and offered her his seat. She looked surprised and then disappointed, so he dragged up the fellow next to him to make room for her. Then she fainted. When she came to, she thanked the two codgers. Then THEY fainted!"

The tram stopped, and a woman with a baby in a pram began to struggle on.

Knocking passengers in all directions Ginger rushed down the car to help her. He went to take the baby, which took one look at him and began to cry as though it would never stop.

Ginger rushed back to our end of the car. "Children on trams are a nuisance," he said bitterly. "Take this morning, for instance . . . Uncle Stint—the mean one—got on my tram with a bag the size of a panto . . . pantech . . . a big bag . . . and refused to pay for the bag!"

"Go on," I said patiently, "the subject is children on trams!"

"Anyway, I got wild and threw the bag off. He called me a murderer," said Ginger. "He said to me, 'First you overcharge me, and then you try to kill my boy.' You know, he had his boy in the bag all the time."

We were getting quite a chummy party by this time, with Ginger sitting alongside the fat man, discussing politics. He was smoking one of my cigarettes, and hadn't collected a fare for ages. Then the inspector got on.

"Lend us your overcoat," said Ginger to me, "I want to cover up me uniform. The sight of an inspector makes me go cold all over, anyway."

I didn't have an overcoat, so we wrapped Ginger up in the fat man's newspaper and skipped from the tram. It rattled on up the street, with the inspector shaking his fist through the back window. Ginger waved back airily.

"DAMP-SET" His Hair Style . . . Says Hollywood

So many smart girls to-day have discovered this secret of having their hair as fascinating as some of the younger Hollywood stars — without enduring agonies to get it, and to keep it looking that way!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is *"damp-setting"* — just as they do in the studios.

A *"damp-set"* with Velmol is perfect on any hair . . . to keep any hair-style looking its very best.

And it's so easy! — All you do is run a wet comb through your hair . . . *Then* moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush the Velmol evenly through the hair . . . *And then*, simply arrange your hair with fingers and comb, just as you like it best.

That's all there is to a Velmol *"damp-set."* Takes about 4 minutes, and leaves your hair with a sparkling, silky-soft, *natural* appearance — never oily or "stiff" — yet always in place, all day or all evening.

A Velmol *"damp-set"* holds a finger wave for days. And *"damp-setting"* makes a perm. last a lot longer.

Ask for a 2/1 bottle of VELMOL, to-day, at your Chemist or Store.

VIM
Polishes as it cleans...
Keeps pots and pans shining
A LEVER PRODUCE

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of wearing bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 2/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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You Have to Kiss a Girl

Continued from page 3

FOR after the opening passage Tom Wellington's face lost its look of boredom. John stopped ogling her and settled down to business, too.

A good cellist can be the backbone of a quartet, setting the tempo and, particularly in the Mozart F Major, even defining the interpretation. Before they were half-way through the first movement they were playing smoothly and with a kind of excitement. She was better than good. She had strength, deftness and tone.

As the first movement ended John dropped his bow and broke into applause. Tom mopped his forehead and exploded in happy mumblings.

Bill studied her gravely. She was inordinately pretty at that moment, flushed and shining, with silky hair falling across her face.

"Where did you learn to play?" he asked at last.

The implied compliment registered. She dimpled and relaxed. "Carl Moore and I studied together under Bordonsky. Have you a hair-ribbon, please?"

"A what?" asked Bill.

"Something to tie back my hair," she said.

"I'll hold it back for you," John offered.

"Jakes!" called Bill. "Bring a roll of one-inch bandage, please. And a pair of scissors."

Jakes appeared with surgical scissors and bandage on a sterilised white-enamel tray. They all watched in grave silence, as they might have watched a delicate operation, while she tucked her hair behind her ears, tied the bandage around her head and made a little bow on top. It was very becoming.

Bill cut the ends of the bandage and stood back proudly.

"How's that?" asked Elfreda, elegantly adjusting the bow.

"Fine!" said Tom.

"Now let's try the second movement," she said.

"Don't let's play any more," said John. "Let's just talk. And look at one another."

Bill threw him a stern glance. "We'll try the second movement," he said.

At eleven o'clock she rose, put the cello into its case, and picked up her hat.

"Don't go," said John Mallory.

"Sorry, but I must," she said.

"I'll take you home," he said.

"No, thanks," she replied.

"Perhaps it's just as well," John said, coming back from the door. "She probably lives miles away."

Bill sat up. "We don't know where she lives!"

"And you told her we had another cello for next week!" moaned Wellington.

"We don't even know her full name!" lamented Bill. "Quigley! Just Quigley!"

"Angela, Guinevere, Eve, Elaine, Elaine the Fair, Elaine the Lovable . . ."

John made his way dreamily to the anchovy tray.

Bill eyed him shrewdly. "We'd better find another cello for next week."

"But she's fine!" cried John. "Lovely eyes. Lovely figure. Why another cello?"

"Because it's a question," said Bill, "of whether we want to play quartets or whether we prefer to watch you exert your charms, you overblown satyr!"

John tugged at his waistcoat. "I'm going to reduce," he said.

. . . . . .

During the week Tom Wellington phoned. "Have you found a cello for Wednesday?" he asked.

Bill's reply was hesitant. "I've been pretty busy," he said. "Haven't had a chance. I'll get on with it."

But he did nothing about it until Wednesday. Then he wired Carl:

"What's her telephone number?"

At five o'clock the answer came: "Dangerous curves. Proceed with caution at your own risk. Man at work."

So he set his secretary to work phoning all the Quigleys in the telephone book. Of each she asked the same question, "Does Miss Quigley, who plays the cello, live there?" At six o'clock, after fourteen calls, they found her, at a Chelsea number. Her first name, the telephone book revealed, was Elfreda.

"This is Doctor Craven."

"Oh, yes. Hallo."

"How about playing with us tonight?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I can't."

"But you must!" said Bill. "We haven't got a cello."

"You said you had somebody for this week."

"He was suddenly taken drunk or something," said Bill.

"I'm afraid I can't come," she said. "I've made another appointment."

"Break it."

"It's my fiance," she said coolly. "I don't think he'd like that."

"Oh," Bill swallowed. "Why don't you bring him along?" he added faintly. That explained Carl's wire —"Man at work."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't like that either." There was another brief silence. "I'll tell you what," she said softly. "He's coming here to dinner. I'll speak to him about it and perhaps we'll run over."

They played cards while waiting for her. By ten o'clock despair had set in. John Mallory's carefully slicked hair only accentuated the gloom. Not a note was played all the evening. She didn't show up.

"I always said women were a bad idea," said Bill as the others were leaving. "I'll start looking for another cellist first thing to-morrow."

. . . . . .

Early the next morning Bill rang her up. "Hope I didn't wake you," he said. It was eight-thirty.

"No. I was just going out."

"What about next Wednesday?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not."

"The boy friend?"

"He thinks it's a bad idea."

"Ridiculous!" cried Bill. "How about lunching with me? We'd better talk this over."

"My lunch hour begins at twelve thirty," she said.

"Lunch hour?"

"I work at Mannerings."

"Doing what?" he asked.

"Selling gramophone records," she told him.

"I'll be there," he said.

At twelve thirty-five he was seated opposite her. By one twenty-five he had learned the following things: that she had been engaged to Henry since last June; that Henry had just been made head of the accounting department at Mannerings; that Henry was honest enough to admit that music bored him; that she had told him about her visit to Doctor Craven, and he had disapproved.

Bill also learned that nobody called her Elfreda, that most people called her Freda and Henry called her Fay, that there was something utterly delightful about the way her head tipped back when she laughed, and that it didn't matter what she said so long as he could watch her say it.

"I haven't had a chance to talk to you about next Wednesday night," he said as they parted in the street.

So they met again that evening and dined, talking of the quartet, of Bordonsky, of her childhood, of the day's newspaper headlines, and again of music and musicians.

After a time they strolled down Piccadilly in moonlight that was almost as bright as day. From the park beside them drifted the sweet evening smell of damp earth and green.

A man and a girl walking hand-in-hand ahead of them paused to select sweets out of a paper bag, laughed for no apparent reason and walked on.

Freda turned to Bill slowly and smiled, the bright moon illuminating her face. He took her hand, but she drew it away and turned to look gravely up the street. Bill's heart thumped as he bent forward, trying to see what lay behind the averted eyes.

. . . . . .

They met during the next few days at lunch, at dinner, and once in Mannerings, where he suddenly appeared one afternoon and bought a flock of gramophone records.

"Thank you, miss," he said, when the transaction was over.

"Thank you, sir," she replied.

"How about playing with us on Wednesday?"

"I'm sorry, Henry is coming to dinner."

"WHAT'S he got that I haven't? You never asked me to dinner. Anyway, I'm not sure I approve of the fact that those little dinners at your flat are unchaperoned."

"He's very safe," she said.

"And I'm not?" he asked.

"And he loves home cooking."

"You haven't answered my question," he insisted.

"I'm a very good cook."

"Answer me. Aren't I safe?"

"From where I'm standing," she replied, "there's a danger sign on you as big as a house. Your records will be delivered to-morrow, sir. Thank you."

On Wednesday night the three remaining members of the Craven Quartet played cards. The game was desultory.

"If you ask me," said John Mallory finally, throwing down his hand in disgust, "the Craven String Quartet is going to the dogs."

"Who called it a string quartet?" asked Tom Wellington, gathering up the cards. "It's the Craven Wednesday Evening Bridge Club."

"There was a time when we could depend on Bill to round up substitutes," John muttered.

Tom Wellington dealt another hand, but Bill didn't pick up his cards. He got up suddenly and started towards the door. "Wait here," he said.

"Where are you going?" asked John.

"To get a cellist."

"How?"

Bill turned in the doorway. "You can reason with a man," he said, "but you've got to kiss a girl!"

. . . . . .

Freda blushed as she admitted him and fumbled a little with the introduction to Henry. Henry was a tidy, meticulous young man, as accurate in speech and gesture as he must have been with the Mannering accounts.

"I've been sent," Bill said easily, "to ask if you'll come and play with us to-night." He turned to Henry. "Wouldn't you care to come, too?"

Henry ignored the invitation. He turned to Freda and spoke icily. "You may go if you wish," he said. He delivered it like an ultimatum. It was clear that they had been over this.

"You might enjoy it, Henry." She sounded nervous.

"You know how I feel about it," he said flatly.

You stuffy, bullying brute, thought Bill. So you're already the lord and master! He leaned back in his chair, blew a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling. "You play the cello very nicely, Miss Quigley," he said. "Do you plan to give it up completely after you are married?"

"I haven't thought about it much," she said. She seemed tired.

"Every woman," said Dr. William Craven, somewhat pontifically, "should have something to interest her, aside from the business of her marriage."

"She can play alone," Henry said. "She doesn't have to go gadding about at night to stag parties."

Bill choked a little at that, but proceeded in his finest bedside manner: "Aren't solos on the cello somewhat unsatisfactory, Miss Quigley? Limited?"

"I've never thought about it very much," she said.

"You'd better do some thinking about it, Miss Quigley," said Bill. "My opinion is that music means a great deal to you."

"It does," she said. "I never realised before how much it meant."

Bill smiled sleekly upon Henry. "If you'll forgive a fatherly intrusion," he said, like a nice fatherly fox, "I should like to point out that this small difference of opinion need not stand in the way of your marriage. It is one of those things that can be ironed out without trouble, I am sure."

"Of course it can," said Henry.

"I don't know," said Freda in a thoughtful voice.

"We can talk it over when we're alone," said Henry, with a show of belligerence which was not altogether unjustified.

"That's right. And now, Miss Quigley, would you like to come back with me and play? We're going to try the Schubert A Minor and, if there's time, the Beethoven F Minor."

"Not this evening," said Henry. "She's staying here this evening."

"Are you?" Bill's eyes met hers.

"No," she said slowly. "I think I'm going."

Henry faced her. "I hope you know what you're doing."

"I think I do," she said.

In the taxi Bill said, "You mustn't underrate Henry. I imagine he's a very decent sort."

"He is. Really he is," she said. "He was just upset. I've been short-tempered with him all the evening."

The taxi was turning into Wimpole Street when Bill said:

"You think you walked out on him because you couldn't bear giving up the cello. But that wasn't the reason, you know."

"I know," she said simply. "It was because I couldn't bear not seeing you any more."

His heart turned over at the clear, sober honesty with which she said it. He put out an arm, drew her towards him and kissed her.

They were gay as they tiptoed up the stairs. Voices came clearly from the library.

"Oh, she'll fall for it, all right," John was saying. "Trust Handsome Willie to bring her back."

"Just the same, it doesn't seem right," said Tom Wellington. "She's a nice kid."

"She's like any other girl to Bill," John said.

Bill moved forward, but she put a detaining hand on his arm.

John's voice went on. "There are only two things in the world that matter to Bill. Medicine and the quartet. And he'll stop at nothing for either."

"But there are other ways to get a cellist!" Wellington complained.

"Well, you heard what he said," John argued. "'You can reason with a man, but you've got to kiss a girl!'"

Bill burst into the library. Still embracing the cello, he stood in the doorway and shouted abuse at them.

When he turned back to Freda, she had vanished. The outer door stood open. He put aside the cello, ran down the stairs, leaped into a cab.

In the little house in Chelsea his persistent ringing of the bell under her name in the tiny downstairs hall brought no answer. He turned from the door and planted himself on the front steps to wait.

Vaguely, as time passed, he was aware that he ought to notify Jakes of his whereabouts, in case he were called suddenly. Like all doctors, he was uneasy when he was completely cut off from a phone.

But for the first time in his career he did nothing about it. As for the quartet, he had forgotten it completely. Medicine and music, the only two things he had ever cared about.

IT was almost midnight when he looked up and saw her standing before him at the foot of the steps. The bewildering wave of joy that went over him at the sight of her made it impossible for him to speak, but when she tried to walk past him up the steps he pulled her down beside him.

"Let me go!"

"I won't!" he said. "You're behaving like an idiot!"

"I'm not!" she cried angrily. "You've messed up my life very prettily!"

"You're mad!" he said firmly. "I've straightened out your life!"

"I'm not mad!" she said.

"You are! All cellists are mad. You're bats!"

"You're hurting my arm."

"I don't care. Sit still."

"You're cruel. All doctors are cruel."

"And all cellists are barmy. Sit still and listen to me. You were a fool ever to get engaged to that adding machine. He'll make an ideal husband for some nice washing machine. But not for you. And he's better off without you, anyway. He's probably relieved. You're too much for him. Don't you see that?"

"It's none of your business!" she told him.

"It's very much my business, because I'm in love with you."

"I don't believe you."

"I can prove it," he said. He took her hand and pressed it against his wrist. "There. Feel my pulse." His voice became matter-of-fact. "This is a very scientific test. Absolutely infallible. Pay close attention."

Surprised into silence, she held the wrist, her eyes on his face, mystified.

"Got the pulse?" he asked sharply. She blinked and nodded.

"Now this is a test," he continued rapidly, "approved and accepted by the B.M.A., the F.P.S., the R.C.S., and other notable scientific authorities. Concentrate and observe the change in the pulse rate. Here we go." He bent and kissed her, a lingering kiss, accurate and scientifically correct.

There was a moment's silence after they drew apart.

"Well," he whispered, "what did my pulse say?"

Her cheeks were pink as she looked away from him. "I—I didn't notice."

"Try it again," he said. "Pay attention this time."

This time she let go his wrist, and her hands went up behind his head.

"You can reason with a man, if that's your idea of fun," said Bill a little later, "but it's better, much better, to kiss a girl."

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Essential to hair health!

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FACIAL YOUTH MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNGER, LOVELIER—OVERNIGHT

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Tonight—while you sleep—you can turn the clock back and regain the soft, fascinating loveliness of YOUTH. Simply use Kathleen Court's world-famous skin-food discovery, FACIAL YOUTH. Works wonders on dull, sallow, lifeless skin because it contains costly VITACEL, the ingredient that actually banishes those tell-tale lines and wrinkles, rejuvenates tired skin tissues, and restores the natural bloom of youth. Nothing else to equal it for quick results, as your first trial tube will prove. And Facial Youth is not only an unequalled facial, but is a much better powder "base," too! Sold everywhere. 1/3, 1/9, and Jars 2/6.

'Facial Youth' Beautifying CREAM

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HE who laughs LASTS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Mopsy, is the steak tender?"
"Yes, Miss, it's so tender it cries if anything is said about it."

"That means fight where I come from."
"Well, why don't you fight?"
"'Cause I ain't where I came from."

"And I advise you, young lady, to wear more clothes."
"Do tell my husband that. I've been after a new fur coat for weeks."

"I hear you won a vacuum cleaner in the raffle, Mrs. Potts."
"Yes, but its no use to me, I haven't got a vacuum!"

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used

DIGGER: This flaming tunic is about four sizes too big for me.

Sergeant: Why, it's a perfect fit.

Digger: A perfect fit! It's more like a convulsion.

"WHEN your wife's away, do you have to tell her everything you do?"

"No, she won't hear a thing from me."

"A model wife. You are a lucky man."

"Oh, it's not that. She gets a more reliable account from the neighbors."

MOTHER: Now, dear, don't go out too far in the water.

Small Son: But Daddy's out a long way, Mummy.

Mother: Yes, dear, but Daddy's insured.

OLD LADY: Porter, I want you to put something on the 2.30 for me.

Porter: Sorry, mum. We are not allowed to take bets.

ARMY COOK: You haven't beaten these eggs enough.

Pupil: Why, the book says, "Beat the eggs until stiff."

"Well, they're not stiff yet."

"No, but I am."

"MISS JONES, I want the brokers. Ring them up, will you?"

"Yes, sir. Stock or pawn?"

GOODBYE..GREY HAIR!

Years drop off your age when the grey hair goes

THE grey in your hair is not wanted—nor is it one of those evils that must be endured— any more! This inexpensive home treatment brings back the NATURAL colour to any hair — blonde, brunette or auburn. If it was auburn — to auburn it returns . . . If it was black — black it becomes and so on. There is NO repulsive off-shade appearance — for this natural home treatment is *not* a dye, and it is as simple to use as it is effective in treatment.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with one ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce Glycerine and one half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful.

ORLEX COMPOUND

SKIN SPECIALIST SAYS

..HEALTHY SKINS HAVE AN ATTRACTIVE NATURAL BEAUTY...THAT'S WHY I SUGGEST THE USE OF REXONA SOAP.. THE COMMONSENSE WAY OF MAINTAINING SKIN HEALTH

REXONA SOAP alone contains Cadyl—a special compound of medications which ensures natural loveliness by safeguarding the health of the skin. These health-giving medications are carried deep into the pores, gently clearing away the dust and impurities that cause most skin faults. Bring beauty to *your* skin—with Rexona!

Obstinate, deep-seated skin troubles need the complete Rexona treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together. Even persistent blemishes are eradicated this way, leaving the skin clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA

is more than a beauty soap, it's a Complete Skin Treatment

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Edited by Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

and a staff of experts, for the benefit of all "Women's Weekly" readers — especially those who use Persil.

Over the Garden Fence

Mrs. Mary Holiday is the famous English washing authority whose friendly advice in the radio show, "To-day's Children," has won the hearts of thousands. The makers of Persil hope you will enjoy this regular feature, too—and will continue to use Persil.

Take it easily—PLAN YOUR WASHDAY

SOMEONE said the other evening: "Oh, Mrs. Holiday, I wonder if anyone hates washdays more than I do!"

"Well, my dear, let's hear your troubles," I replied, "because the natural feeling after a day's washing is surely one of satisfaction!"

As I suspected, here was a young wife simply throwing away precious energy and getting herself in a wax through not "planning" her washday.

Overnight Soaking

For instance, I expect most of us save ourselves a lot of time by putting the dirtiest clothes to soak in cold water the night before.

And, by the way, if you have any semi-stiff collars, soak them overnight, too. It loosens the dirt and all you do in the morning is rub the neckbands lightly—preferably with a soft nail-brush—and boil them with the rest of the wash.

But even before soaking, there are one or two things to attend to:

Draw together any torn places—the weight of the water during washing makes a tear bigger.

Treat such stains as paint or iron-mould BEFORE washing to make sure they'll disappear completely. (If in doubt about what to use, drop me a line.)

Stains left by tea, coffee, etc., will come out easily in the wash with a good oxygen washing powder like Persil. But to get really perfect, stain-free clothes, do be sure to use sufficient — that is, one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water.

★ ★ ★

Washing is a job where you can easily be doing one thing while another is going on. When the water is running into the copper, mix your Persil. While the copper is coming to the boil prepare the starch, wipe down the wringer rollers, etc. All these shortcuts, little in themselves, add up to a big saving in time and energy.

Another thing. I've noticed that some home laundries are not equipped with a tap directly over the copper. To save lifting heavy buckets, buy a short length of rubber hose to fit on to the tap. The same hose can be used for syphoning the dirty water out of your copper if it hasn't a drain-tap. (Fill the hose with water. Hold one end and place at the bottom of the copper. Let the other end drop into the sink when the water will start to flow.)

And here is one of the best tips of all for a busy washday:

Take it easily.

A calm steady pace will leave you fresh at the end. Most of us put much more energy into our jobs than we really need.

DON'T BE A COLOUR COWARD!

A fashion authority gives advice on new season's colours.

How long since you've tried a new colour? Now is your chance with all the rare and lovely shades about. . . . This little chart is designed to guide you. It suggests new colours for a brand-new you—not just blue for blondes and greens for red-heads, you've always known them, anyway. Select from these subtle new colours carefully—considering well the colour of your eyes to make certain-sure which suit you best and make you even more beautiful.

HAIR	COMPLEXION		
	Fair	Medium	Olive or Sun-tanned
Blonde	*Wedgewood Blue* *Cloud Grey* *Petal Pink* *Black & White*	*Delphinium Blue* *Wisteria Mauve* *Emerald Green* *Dusky Pink*	*Turquoise* *Silver Grey* *Rich Grape* *tonings*
Brunette	*Tea-rose* *Old Ivory* *White* *Air-force Blue*	*Daffodil Yellow* *Pearl Pink* *Gingertan* *Rosy Beige*	*Signal Red* *Honey Gold* *Burnt Sugar* *Midnight Blue*
Copper or Auburn	*All Greens* *Black & White* *Electric Blues*	*Air-force Blue* *Orchid Green* *Creamy Beige*	*Deep Yellows* *Chestnut* *Russet Brown* *Jade Green*
Grey, White or Silver	*Smoky Blues and Greens* *Black* *Lavender Grey*	*Prune* *Greyish Greens* *Navy Blue*	*Burgundy* *Old Rose* *Teal Blues*

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Mary Holiday

PATTERN SERVICE

2/6 PATTERNS FOR 6d.

PATTERN G, in sizes 32, 34, 36 & 38 inches.

AFTERNOON FROCK

Sew and save—and with an exciting new frock like this win many a compliment! Fresh white pleatings rippling round the unusual neck-line and new slashed pockets are distinctive touches.

Even the beginner is certain of good results with these easy-to-make patterns. Every design is a 1941 model and each pattern includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, a cutting-out chart and washing instructions. **Usually sold for 2/- to 3/-, you can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns simply by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern and 2d. for postage, etc.) to:**

Mrs. Mary Holiday,
P.O. Box 495H, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and ask for PATTERN G IN YOUR SIZE.

ABOUT RINGS

an expert says:—

If your hand is large and broad, avoid small rings with dainty settings; they make the hand look larger. Try one with a large oval or rectangular stone worn on the third finger.

★ ★ ★

Delicate hands call for smaller stones and settings. If your hand is slender and artistic, a ring with a narrow stone, worn on the first finger, will emphasize its beauty.

★ ★ ★

Keep rings clean by washing occasionally with soap and water. Add a little ammonia to the water. Dry on sawdust.

★ ★ ★

Sapphires, onyx, jade, all make hands look whiter. Never wear emeralds or rubies if hands are inclined to be red.

★ ★ ★

Chief cause of red, rough hands—skin specialists say—is keeping them immersed in water for long periods. Dry thoroughly before exposing to sun or wind. And to keep hands extra soft and worthy of fine rings, rub in a good lotion from time to time—ESPECIALLY AFTER WASHDAY.

PERVERSE PERCY

MRS. HOLIDAY asked Percy to illustrate "Filling up the Copper." This is what he did.

5/- if we print your hint

What's your most useful washday tip? Send it to Mrs. Holiday. If suitable for publication we will be pleased to pay you 5/-.

★ ★ ★

Is there anything you want to know about washing? Send your query to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

Sleep Cool

—A NURSE'S PRESCRIPTION

First three months of year mark peak period of insomnia. Check over these points. They will all help you to sleep better this hot weather.

1. See that your bed does not face a window. Even though the bright mornings do not wake you, there is a subconscious resistance to light which prevents you relaxing completely.

2. Turn the mattress *every* day.

3. **Change sheets more often in very hot weather. Fresh, cool bed-linen is not such an extravagance as people suppose. Mrs. Holiday agrees that actual use does not wear out sheets so much as rubbing with soap on a scrub-board. With a modern washing powder washday-wear is almost negligible.**

4. Don't eat just before going to bed. Cut out your bedtime cigarette, too.

5. Undress in a leisurely way—thus preparing the mind for complete relaxation. Brush your hair slowly; comb it loosely in front of an open window to let the air get at your scalp.

6. Finally, when you get into bed, try to disperse all harassing worries from your mind; think only of pleasant restful things. Relax every limb and muscle, close your eyes and you'll have a long refreshing sleep.

She thought her washing was white

—till a PERSIL USER came next door!

WHEN you put ordinary washing against true Persil whiteness, the difference almost hits you in the face! What's the explanation? Persil's oxygen-charged suds that go right to the very heart of the fabric! They carefully seek out the ingrained, rubbed-in dirt that ordinary washing leaves behind.

Because it works so gently Persil is the safest washing care for your precious things as well. And when you try coaxing, instead of "rub-and-scrub"—**of course,** your things last longer.

PERSIL THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

P.49-40 J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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So They Say

Do people who live alone really like it?

I BELIEVE, Mrs. Lilian Gadd (25/1/'41), that "lone-dwellers" live by themselves through necessity and only pretend they like it.

Nothing can be more pathetic than to see a woman come home after work to an empty house or flat, to find the fire unlit—the silence undisturbed.

In the end, lacking a confidant, which every person needs at some time, such women acquire a dog or cat, which soon becomes the complacent, well-fed ruler of its owner.

Joan Hogg, Barn Hill Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

Share leisure

OCCASIONALLY absolute privacy is very welcome, but an everlasting privacy would be very boring.

Surely leisure time is more enjoyable when spent in company with one's friends, and what better friends than one's family.

Edith M. Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

Really anti-social

FOR those who are self-sufficient, or those who have been deeply hurt by their fellows, living alone seems ideal.

But it is anti-social, and in the long run may prove, to those who profess to prefer it, complete isolation.

May choose to lead solitary life.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

Money needed

THE success of living alone depends largely on the financial status.

With plenty of money the person who lives alone has a ready means of escape if she becomes lonely.

But if the bank account is small, life for a lone woman, especially if she is elderly, can be miserably pathetic. She can't afford to go out much, or to entertain, and her existence is indeed truly lonely.

Mrs. J. Barnes, Barker's Rd., Kew, Vic.

SELFISH OUTLOOK

WHY do husbands always adopt a self-sacrificing attitude and say they are working to keep their families?

The majority are too self-centred to think of anyone before themselves, and they certainly wouldn't starve even if they hadn't to work for us women.

Besides, it is an unkind remark these days when lots of women would be able to hold prominent positions in the national service if they hadn't their homes to consider first.

Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

HIGHEST PRAISE

WHAT is the greatest compliment that you have ever been paid?

I once agreed that "of all characteristics sincerity is the most heroic," and a friend of mine thinks that to be called honest is the highest meed of praise.

But one of my happiest moments was when a man friend said, "It's such a treat to talk to an intelligent woman."

Miss M. George, 15 Royal St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

BE FRIENDLY

A MAN once said, "We can at times do without our relatives, but we are in constant need of a good neighbor."

It is worth our while to be a good neighbor. Nothing destroys one's peace of mind more than a quarrel with a neighbor.

Let us try co-operation and cultivate an interest in our neighbors' children and also strive to be tactful with those who are so closely connected with our daily round.

Mrs. R. G. Langley, Mt. Pleasant Rd., Monbulk, Vic.

MAKE GIFTS NOW

IF you are in a position to bestow money on others, how much better to give it to them while you live.

How often do we see children wanting that little extra help and parents being begrudged their lives in consequence.

Far better to give them their portion and let it be of use to them than to wait till death makes the legacies available.

Mrs. Grace Marks, 26 Palace St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Simple humor as help to us all

NEVER before has humor been more needed; not the brilliant witticisms of peaceful times, but simple, kindly humor that can easily be understood and appreciated by people busy with wartime activities.

Catching a glimpse of the sunny side of life, especially when there is very little sun, may do much to sustain the morale of those at home and overseas.

Our boys at their various wartime posts, with their love of fun, have captured the right spirit and their letters replete with humorous happenings regale the folks at home.

Let us emulate their steadfast example.

£1 for this letter to N. Lee, Kia-Ora, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Is the "teen" age careless about politeness?

EVIDENTLY boys and girls in their teens are not taught manners, Miss J. Clark (25/1/'41).

They are careless about things themselves, but expect everyone else to be polite about appointments.

There seems to be much too much of the "don't care" attitude among the rising generation.

Mrs. M. K. Scott, 154 Maribyrnong Rd., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Not very general

MODERN schools teach children good manners, and most pupils follow these teachings after leaving school.

Many people base their criticism on the behaviour of an isolated case. It is not fair to condemn all boys and girls for the bad manners of one particular person.

Margaret Malcahy, Grosvenor Rd., Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

No training

COMMON politeness would tell a person to send an apology if unable to keep an appointment.

Lack of home training is the chief cause of modern youths' inconsideration to others.

Let parents teach their children manners and respect to others, and when they are older they will not so often err in this direction.

Edith Dawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Are self-important

"TEENS-AGE" boys and girls are so puffed up with their own importance that time does not permit them to think of others.

They refuse to accept any responsibility, and make promises with no intention of keeping them.

Causing inconvenience is second nature to them, and appointments are made to be broken, with no obligation for an apology.

Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Set example

ARE the elderly people who criticise us "teen-age" girls and boys so perfectly mannered themselves? I doubt it.

We are told to learn from example, and many a time I have seen displays of extremely bad manners from men and women who certainly are "old enough to know better."

Perhaps we may seem careless in small things, but in those that matter I think we are reasonably polite.

John R. Cooke, Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

FAIL TO REFORM

IN my opinion a woman should not marry a man to reform him.

She should realise that if a man does not reform when he is courting her he will be less likely to do so after they are married, when he has more responsibilities and worries thrust upon him.

This often creates a life of misery for a woman.

Miss May McPherson, 62 Pacific St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

ARTISTS' FAULT

WHAT is the use of banning songs the words of which are regarded as offensive, when so often the objectionable thing is the manner in which the songs are sung, and not the lyric?

Some performers can transform even the most innocent words into something ugly and suggestive. It seems futile, therefore, to take such action against the songs themselves, which often are just tuneful melodies, when the real offenders are the artists.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Brisbane.

CONTROL FEARS

WHY are people afraid of showing fear?

Everyone is afraid of something and it is only by overcoming fear that such deeds as the British people are doing become possible.

We are all afraid we will fail to show courage if the war reaches Australia, but surely such fears are groundless.

M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

OUT ON DISPLAY

WHY must elderly people—and grandparents in particular—treat a baby as a species of prize animal?

Naturally, they take pride in showing the unfortunate infant to admiring friends and relatives, but would you like strange fingers prodding you to make you smile?

Modern mothers try to bring up their children intelligently—to a strict routine of sleeping and feeding. It doesn't help them—or the babies — to have their normal schedule disturbed because Grandma wants to "let Mrs. Next-door see him."

Mrs. R. Cooper, Flat 1, 108 Hotham St., East Melbourne C2.

How to benefit from proper holiday

IT is not always a rest that people want when they go on their holidays, Mrs. Wallis (25/1/'41).

It is change of air and scenery and something that will make them think differently when they return to the office.

Does it matter if they "dash about" from morning till night, and then dance energetically till the early hours of the morning?

Healthy exercise never kills anyone, so if holiday-makers "dash" around a lot they will return full of energy and with new and bright ideas to think about.

Mrs. M. Nelson, P.O., North Adelaide.

Camping best

CAMPING is an ideal way to spend a holiday, no matter what people say.

After hours spent in the fresh air and sunshine the holiday-maker is ready to do full justice to a hearty meal of sausages and chips or steak and onions.

After a camping holiday a person will return to the city renewed in health and strength and eagerly awaiting the next trip.

Believe it or not, the tin-opener can be left at home.

Mrs. C. Smith, P.O., Blackheath, N.S.W.

Rural holiday not hard work.

No timetable

IS it lack of common sense to spend a holiday in an irresponsible way? To be able to do exactly as one pleases is such a rare occurrence that to do so is a first-class holiday to most.

Some people do not seem able to realise that a camping holiday, with its necessary amount of general work, can be a holiday in the best sense of the word.

Life to the majority is almost a timetable experience, and a rest from a well-disciplined home, resorting to tinned foods, can constitute a hearty holiday to many.

Judith O'Connor, c/o G. H. Burton, Reiby Chambers, Reiby Lane, Sydney.

Mother! Here's the Friend you often need

Always keep Cuticura Ointment at hand for use when the children injure themselves. Its soothing, medicinal and antiseptic action kills germs, keeps cuts and scratches clean and free from blood-poison, and encourages new skin to grow. When the skin is sore, chafed, smarting, burning and inflamed, a touch of Cuticura gives soothing, cooling relief.

Use Cuticura Ointment for any stubborn itching skin trouble. It stops the itching instantly and quickly restores the skin to a clear, healthy condition.

Cuticura Ointment is equally successful when used for **Pimples, Boils, Heat Blotches, Inflamed Rashes and Chronic Itching Eruptions.** It quickly soothes Itching and Smarting Pain and soon Clears the Skin.

12A

SOOTHES AND CLEARS THE SKIN

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. *Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.*

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

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So Different after Marriage!

Ray and Joy had known each other for years. They were engaged eighteen months before marriage. But then, after only a year, to-day's extra strain began to tell on Joy's nerves . . .

Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady—and help you carry on. Priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9; special pack with mixer 2/-.

HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

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The Camilatone Beauty Routine is the quick way to sparkling hair loveliness. First it cleanses the hair thoroughly with Camilatone — the gentlest and safest of all shampoos, then it enriches the colour with Tonrinz. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6½d. each. Separate Tonrinz at 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with *Camilatone* BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★★ THE LETTER

(Week's Best Release).

Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall. (Warners.)

PLAYING her first modern role since "Dark Victory," Bette Davis stars in this Warners' version of Somerset Maugham's tropic drama, "The Letter."

The plot is centred on Bette Davis, as the wife of an English rubber-planter in the Malay States (Herbert Marshall). It opens with murder.

Bette is shown firing shot after shot into the body of a man stumbling off the verandah.

She explains that she killed this man in defence of her honor.

Then, just before her trial for murder, Bette's lawyer (James Stephenson), who is also her husband's friend, learns of the existence of a letter. It throws a startlingly new light upon the killing of the man. From this point the film deals with the problems facing the lawyer, the wife, and the husband.

This film gives Herbert Marshall, at long last, a really worthwhile role. Excellently cast is Gale Sondergaard as the sinister Eurasian, wife of the murdered man.

Don't get the idea that Bette is a long-suffering heroine in this film. Her Leslie Crosbie is a ruthless, unscrupulous woman, who brings disaster to those around her. "The Letter" is strictly adult fare.—Century; showing.

★★ MARYLAND

Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan, John Payne. (Fox.)

THIS story of racing and racing families down in Maryland is given special appeal by the use of technicolor.

Technicolor adds immeasurably not only to the thrill of the Maryland Hunt Cup, but to the vivid humor of the many negro scenes.

Plot revolves about Fay Bainter, whose husband was killed in the Cup many years before, and whose son, John Payne, refuses to heed her dictum that he must put riding out of his life.

When you know that neighbor Walter Brennan, who wants John to ride his horse in the Cup, has a beautiful daughter, Brenda Joyce, you can guess some of the complications—but not all.

Fox introduces a splendid colored comedian, Ben Carter, into the picture, and sets off the whole family feud by a picturesque background of Maryland's social life.

The whole film makes easy, light entertainment, with an original flavor unusual in racing pictures. John Payne and Brenda Joyce look attractive, but it is Bainter, Brennan and Carter who give "Maryland" its authentic human interest.—Regent; showing.

★ ANGELS OVER BROADWAY

Thomas Mitchell, Doug Fairbanks, jun., Rita Hayworth. (Columbia.)

THE well-known playwright, Ben Hecht, not only wrote but directed and produced this film.

The story deals with the seamier side of Broadway's night life, and centres on four people: an embezzler who tries to commit suicide (John Qualen); a besotted playwright (Thomas Mitchell), who sets out to reform Qualen; an ex-bellhop (Doug Fairbanks), who earns his living at poker; and a girl (Rita Hayworth) who is desperately ambitious for a stage career on Broadway.

Thomas Mitchell provides plenty of wisecracks on the philosophy of life and living. The attractive Doug Fairbanks has a curiously unsympathetic role.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ MARGIE

Tom Brown, Nan Grey. (Universal.)

YET another film built round a popular song title. "Margie" combines slapstick with song.

Tom Brown and Nan Grey play a young married couple who are each trying to win success, she as a radio script writer, he as a song writer.

They quarrel—but find a friend in banana king Mischa Auer.

This little film ends on a really riotous note, when Andy Devine, dressed as a two-gun cowboy, appears unexpectedly on the scene, stops short, and exclaims: "Excuse me, I guess I'm in the wrong picture."—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Great Dictator.** Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 8th week.

★★★ **40,000 Horsemen.** Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse. Mayfair, 7th week.

★★★ **Night Train to Munich.** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison in excellent English thriller. St. James, 3rd week.

★★★ **Arise, My Love.** Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in fascinating comedy romance. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who has finished "The Philadelphia Story" for MGM, is returning to Broadway for a few months.

There she will appear in an as yet untitled comedy by Philip Barry, author of "The Philadelphia Story."

* * *

AGNA ENTERS, the world-famous dancer, is about to make her first movie. She will appear in her own story, "The Green Hour," which deals with occupied Paris.

* * *

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Adeline De-Walt Reynolds is making her screen debut in **"Come Live With Me," with Hedy Lamarr and Jimmy Stewart.**

This is the climax of a fascinating life for the octogenarian Cinderella. When she was 66 years old she decided she needed some more education and entered the University of California. She graduated at 70 and then went in for acting.

* * *

TONY MARTIN'S role in "Ziegfeld Girl" requires him to make love to Hedy Lamarr. Lana Turner, Tony's girl friend, is a frequent observer of the love scenes, but she takes them with a smile.

* * *

BLONDE Carole Landis is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. She has three men dancing attendance on her—Gene Markey, Cedric Gibbons, and Franchot Tone.

* * *

EVER since Garbo read Elizabeth's best-seller, "Mr. Skeffington," she has been anxious to play the amazing Mrs. Skeffington. Irene Dunne was originally named for this part, but she is tied up with other film commitments.

Warner brothers would love to have Garbo star in this important picture so it only remains for them to persuade Metro to lend her to them for the one production.

THE trained, tamed leopards in "Road to Zanzibar" broke loose on the set the other day. Bop Hope and Bing Crosby, who are appearing in the film with Dorothy Lamour, broke all records for the distance from the set to the sound stage door. Dorothy passed out.

It took their trainer, a woman, more than an hour to get the leopards back into their cages.

PARAMOUNT paid £37,500 for the screen rights to Ernest Hemingway's best selling novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Now the studio is hiring a famous writer to do the scenario, and that will cost another £10,000.

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE seems to have fallen in love again with Margaret Savage, a pretty cigarette girl in the Merry-Go-Round Cafe.

John met Margaret's family on Christmas night and dined with her mother. This is taken as a strong indication that the Great Profile will risk another marriage.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

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The Movie World

Veteran at 24

● Attractive, grey-eyed screen ingenue Rochelle Hudson, aged 24, celebrates her eleventh year in pictures next month. Her first 1941 film is Columbia's "Girls Under 21." Rochelle began her career at the age of thirteen. She is happily married to Hal Thompson, a writer at the Walt Disney studio.

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Flynn on "Santa Fe Trail"

1 **SENT TO** Kansas to quell rebel uprising, army lieutenants Jeb (Flynn) and George (Reagon) fall in love with Kit (Olivia), who runs waggon trains.

2 **GUARDING KIT'S** waggons over Santa Fe Trail, Jeb and his men are threatened by rebel leader Brown (Massey), who seizes their load of rifles.

3 **AFTER ROUTING** Brown and his gang in a bitter fight, Jeb learns that rebel headquarters are at Palmyra.

REBELLION IN KANSAS

ANOTHER epic of early American history, Warner Brothers' "Santa Fe Trail," puts the dashing Errol Flynn back into uniform.

He plays a fictional character—lieutenant in the U.S. army, who is responsible for defeating the fanatical John Brown.

John Brown was that real-life pre-Civil War slave abolitionist, who believed that "the nation's sin can be wiped out only by bloodshed."

This role is played by bearded Raymond Massey, whom you saw last on the screen as "Abe Lincoln."

In "Santa Fe Trail," Olivia de Havilland is again teamed with Flynn as a pioneer girl of the west.

As a disciple of John Brown, Van Heflin has an important role in this story.

4 **RECONNOITRING** around Palmyra alone, Jeb is seized by Brown and sentenced to die.

5 **RESCUED** just in time by his soldiers, Jeb returns to Kit, who at last realises she loves him.

6 **BUT THEIR** wedding plans are halted when Brown's lieutenant, after quarrel with his leader, reveals Brown is planning fresh onslaught.

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD
is in the Transport Service

Lady Carolyn Howard is the daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and is one of the loveliest of the many young society women engaged in war work. Before the war her chief interest was in the theatre. Now she is a motor driver in the A.T.S.

—but though working in all weathers, she keeps her skin glorious with Pond's two creams

QUESTION TO: LADY CAROLYN HOWARD: How long have you been using Pond's two creams, Lady Howard?

ANSWER: I started using them long before the war, and was really amazed at their splendid effect on my skin. They made it much softer and finer. I'm simply thrilled at the result.

QUESTION TO: LADY CAROLYN HOWARD: Do you find Pond's two creams a *complete* beauty treatment?

ANSWER: I need nothing more! Pond's creams have done more for my skin than elaborate beauty treatments. It's amazing how Pond's Cold Cream penetrates and removes deep down dirt, and guards against blemishes and blackheads, and I find Pond's Vanishing Cream the best powder base I've ever used. It smooths away roughness and so, of course, one's powder clings better.

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE POND'S METHOD . .

it can bring your skin new loveliness . . .

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/3 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL ☐	ROSE BRUNETTE ☐	SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT CREAM ☐	NATURAL ☐	LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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Guaranteed like other famous Hotpoint Appliances

Hotpoint HOME CLEANER

SAVE TIME by cutting house cleaning by hours with a tireless Electric Servant which does all your cleaning, sweeping, dusting, polishing, de-mothing—thoroughly and easily . . . **SAVE YOUR HOME** from moths, dirt and dust, which cause unseen destruction to attractive home furnishings . . . **SAVE YOURSELF** from a dozen tiring cleaning jobs — the Hotpoint Home Cleaner will give you hours of easier, better living, and a house fresh and scrupulously clean.

Features which make it a "Winner":

Permanently oiled powerful motor • Double purpose suction and blowing action • Quiet operation • Swivel wheel for easy movement • Renewable deodorising pads • Extra large easy-to-empty bag • Durable plated ends • Conveniently placed handle and switch.

Here's what you get — 7-ft. Flexible hose with swivel connector • Straight and curved extension tubes • Attachment for upholstered furniture • Elbow joint for easier manipulation of difficult angles • 4½-in. Nozzle • Large swivel cleaning nozzle • Polishing mop • Round Hair brush • 9-in. Hair brush • 21-ft. Flex cord with plug • Deodorising pads • Sprayer and de-mothing fumigant.

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Here's What It Does

CLEANS UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE: Getting right down into the crevices of chairs, settees, etc., is only one of the many uses of this practical nozzle.

DEATH TO MOTHS: The reverse blowing action rids carpets, rugs, clothes, etc., from pests which cause unseen and irreparable damage.

MOPS AS WELL AS DUSTS: The lustre of floorings and lines is preserved with a light easy action. 2 Brush attachments also included.

HIGH POWERED SUCTION: With this 4½in. nozzle, curtains, clothes, hats, cushions, bed coverings, can be freed from dust which accumulates unnoticed.

GETS THE DEEP DOWN DIRT: This cleverly designed swivel nozzle gets *all* the dirt from the thickest carpet or rug with an easy but powerful action.

Free HOUSEHOLD HINTS BOOK

Mail this coupon to the nearest A.G.E. office and you will receive, post free, without obligation, a useful booklet containing cooking, cleaning, laundering and many other practical household hints. Readers in West Australia mail to Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.

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Tailored Wool Suit
AS.23. There's new thought, new line, new detail in this New York translation of the tailored suit. Large frilled pockets and a scalloped neckline provide a suave touch of elegance to the lined coat. Colours are grey, gold, green, saxe, wine, brown, black, Navy and red. XSSW to W sizes. And the price only **37/6**

Chads has been inaugurated to enable the smart women of Australia to obtain by mail a completely modern fashion service unequalled for promptness, economy, and up-to-the-minute styling. Every garment offered by ***Chads*** is inspired by leading fashion-designers and accepted vogues from overseas.

Based on the most modern methods, ***Chads*** supply by Mail Order only, and only for cash. (Freight paid anywhere in the Commonwealth.) Having no retail store, high rental, credit costs or sales staff, we are able to keep overhead charges to a minimum and offer merchandise always at "Lower than Retail" prices.

Above we present one of ***Chads*** superb examples of "style-with-value", an actual photograph of the latest tailormade, so popular in New York now. You'll be interested in ***Chads*** new catalogue, 36 pages of colour and roto-gravure. We will be pleased to forward a copy, free of charge, if you live more than 25 miles from the city. Should any purchase be not entirely satisfactory, ***Chads*** will cheerfully refund your money by return mail, providing goods are returned in original condition.

Chads **Mail Orders, Box 4220XX, G.P.O., Sydney**

THIS ACTOR likes variety

EX-WRESTLER JOHN PAYNE GETS HIS CHANCE THIS YEAR

JOHN PAYNE need never worry about losing his film job. If necessary, he could earn his living at a dozen other occupations.

John, who will be 28 this year, will come into a fortune in 1948. His father, a millionaire real estate broker from Virginia, left a large investment in his home town of Roanoke to his three sons. But the will stipulates that the boys cannot draw any income from it until they each reach the age of 35.

So, though he is worth many thousands of pounds, John Payne has really known what it is to be down and out. Since leaving school he has been tutor to a widower's small children; a professional wrestler; a pool-room manager; a garage mechanic; a switchboard operator; and a singer in a burlesque show.

He has worked his way to several parts of the world as ship's steward, and he has been featured in radio on Rudy Vallee's programme over America's two biggest national networks. He has played a season at London's "Old Vic," and appeared on the New York stage.

Couldn't believe it

FOUR years ago, when John was appearing with Beatrice Lillie in New York, a man came backstage, introduced himself as Samuel Goldwyn, and offered him a contract.

Payne, thinking he was being "ribbed," replied that his name was Clark Gable. He was busily laughing a chance of a lifetime out of the window when he realised what a mistake he might have made.

It all ended good-naturedly with John signing a contract without a screen test, and flying out to the West Coast.

For nearly 12 months John drew his salary each week and did nothing more than three days' work in "Dodsworth."

So Payne did the unheard of thing. He walked into Goldwyn's office and asked for a release from his fancy contract. He was tempting fate and he knew it. He got his release, however, and began looking about for something better.

At the end of a brief period he signed a long-term contract with Paramount at an even larger salary than he had been paid by Goldwyn. He made several pictures there, but the parts grew poorer, and Payne asked the studio to let him go.

The third major episode in his career came when he landed on the Warner Bros. contract list, appeared in several highly successful pictures and decided once more that he needed a change.

This time he decided to freelance. His first role under this new arrangement was at 20th Century-Fox in "Stardust." After his performance in this film he was offered a contract by Darryl Zanuck, and all his new resolutions went by the board.

Now firmly established with 20th Century-Fox, John is really getting the breaks. He is playing in some of this company's biggest productions like "Maryland," "The Great American Broadcast," and "Salute."

John is married to twenty-one-year-old Anne Shirley, the RKO actress. They have a baby daughter, Julie Anne, who is just six months old. John and Anne were married three and a half years ago and are among Hollywood's happiest young couples.

Now he's negotiating for the purchase of a 20-acre property back of Malibu, where he intends to build a home and put in his own landing field. After that he will realise his greatest ambition—to own his own plane.

• *Attractive young hero of "Maryland," John Payne will be seen next in 20th Century-Fox's "The Great American Broadcast."*

They said it with jewellery

THE stars have taken last year's Christmas presents out of their wrappings. Some of the jewellery and other personal gifts they received are really magnificent.

Dorothy Lamour's diamond earrings, shaped like wolves' heads, are causing many an envious sigh in local night clubs. They're from her admirer, Greg Bautzer—for Christmas and birthday.

Alice Faye is carrying round a musical purse — a handsome handbag, which plays a tune every time it's opened! This appropriate gift was made to Alice by her friend, Carmen Miranda, who happens to be a rival singer and dancer at the same studio.

A beautiful diamond necklace which Lucille Ball, bride of Desi Arnaz, wears on special occasions was bought for her by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Arnaz, at Christmas.

Then, Linda Darnell has on display at home a bottle of perfume, given to her by Mickey Rooney, that is nearly as big as Linda herself.

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Switchboard Cinderella

KAY LESLIE ENTERED CONTEST FOR FUN, AND WON ACTING CONTRACT

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

SIX months ago twenty-one-year-old Kay Leslie was operating a switchboard in the town of Salinas, in California. To-day she's in the movies—under contract to Universal Studio.

It happened in that Cinderella fashion so typical of Hollywood.

For until last year this blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl had never given a thought to a Hollywood career.

The only acting she had ever done was in amateur theatricals at high school.

Then in the local newspaper Kay read about a personality contest which a group of Californian theatres was sponsoring in Salinas and other towns along the coast.

Some of her girl friends entered the contest for fun. Just to "be in the swim," Kay did, too. And to her surprise she was picked as one of ten finalists.

Taken to San Francisco for the final judging she was awarded first prize—a screen test at Universal.

Kay made the test, then returned to her switchboard, praying that something would come of it.

SHE didn't have to wait long. A few weeks later a telegram over her own wire came from the studio. Her test was a success—would she care to come to Hollywood, where there was a contract waiting for her?

Kay took the first train. Immediately after her arrival she signed a long-term contract, and was given minor roles in "Seven Sinners" and "Spring Parade."

Pleased by her work in these two films, the studio has cast her in a more exacting role in "The Invisible Woman." She plays a model who is mixed up with murder. She's also in the new Andrews Sisters' musical, "Buck Privates."

Since she made her film debut Kay has been chosen as one of the 13 "baby stars of 1940"—a significant honor.

For this selection is a revival of that old Hollywood tradition of annually picking the 13 girls who show most promise of attaining film fame. They were formerly known as "Wampas Baby Stars."

Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Mary Astor, and Dolores del Rio were all once "Wampas Babies."

Kay and 12 other lucky girls were chosen by a committee of leading directors. Among the judges were Edmund Goulding and Michael Curtiz, whose long years in the film business should make them expert at picking talent.

• Vivacious Kay Leslie, one of the recently chosen "baby stars of 1940," appearing in Universal pictures. Kay has auburn hair, blue-green eyes, and is five feet six inches tall.

• Kay finds life in Hollywood much more exciting than operating a smalltown switchboard—her job until six months ago. Kay spends her time between the set and the studio talent school. Her next films are "The Invisible Woman" and "Buck Privates."

Bette Davis takes a gamble on her new marriage

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

BETTE DAVIS, who is now Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth, has just taken a radical step to safeguard her marriage. She has persuaded her husband to sever his business connections in Boston and move out to Hollywood to live.

Perhaps Bette is right in assuming that their happiness is worth more than Mr. Farnsworth's business career.

She certainly has before her the example of Ann Sothern, whose marriage was almost wrecked by the separation from husband Roger Pryor. Pryor's work as bandleader took him on tours right round the United States. Ann had to stay in Hollywood for films—and objected strongly.

It was not until Roger dismissed his band and returned to California to try a second career as a film actor that Ann gave up her intention of obtaining a divorce.

There are, however, several very good cases which contradict this Bette Davis marital scheme.

Look at Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin. His profession kept him in New York. Far from objecting, Irene worked out a living schedule whereby she flew to join him whenever free from the studio—and he spent all his spare time in Hollywood.

Again, look at Loretta Young, who has publicly announced her intention of fitting in her film career with the business work of husband Tom Lewis. When Mr. Lewis goes to New York, Loretta goes, too. She will make films only when he is in California. The success of Mr. Lewis as radio executive is far more important, in Loretta's eyes, than the success of Mrs. Lewis as a film actress.

Lastly, there is Maureen O'Sullivan, who this week sacrificed a very attractive assignment at MGM in order to remain in Canada with her naval lieutenant husband, John Farrow. Maureen begged the studio for extended leave of absence—and got it, at the risk of being forgotten by the fans.

So, Bette may be wrong. As I write this, only one thing is certain, that Bette, as Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth, looks genuinely happy for the first time in three years, which may make up for everything!

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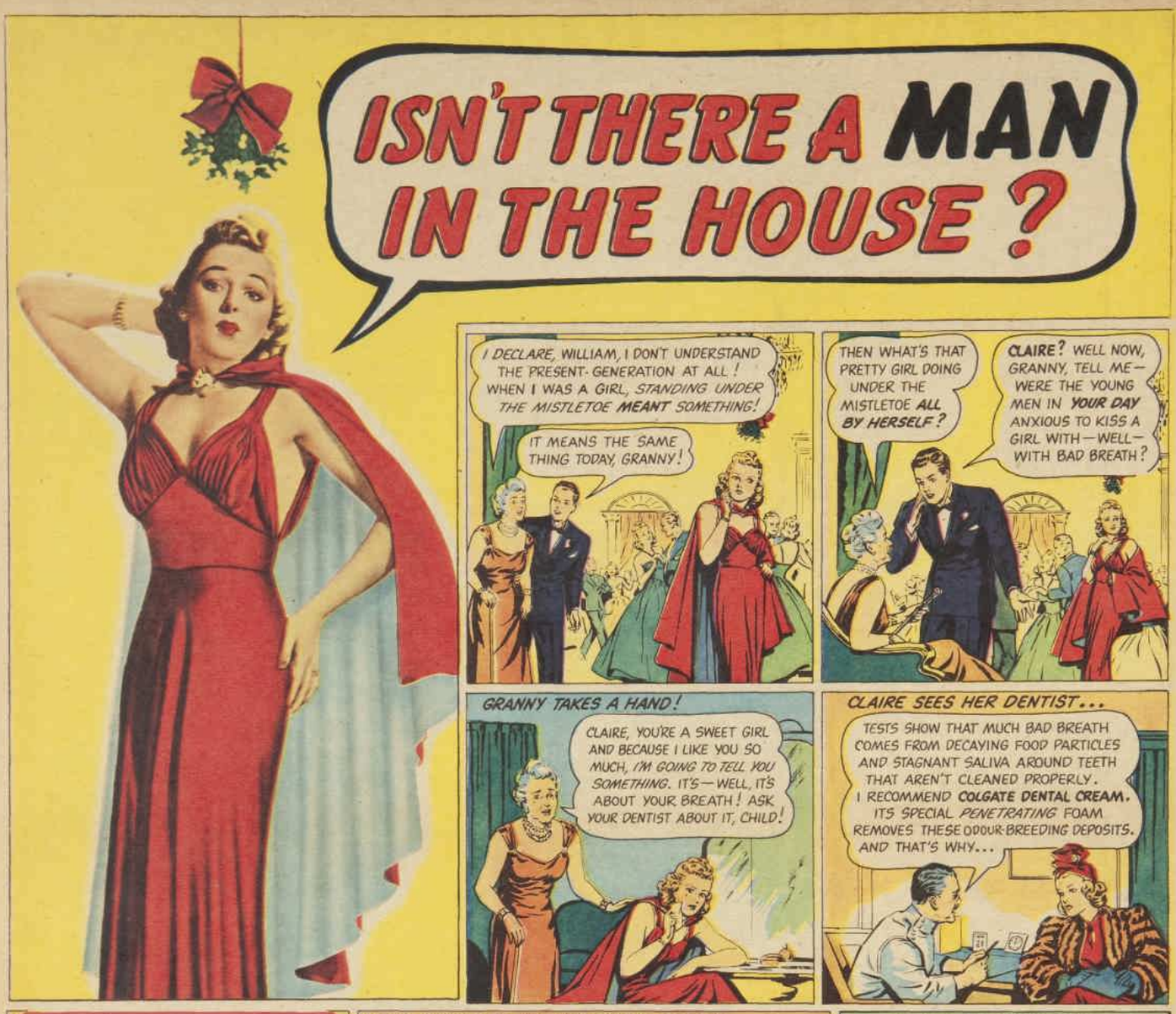
ISN'T THERE A MAN IN THE HOUSE?



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And, at the same time, Colgate's gentle polishing agent safely cleans the enamel—makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

6D MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2/- SIZE
twice as much as 1/3 size

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday night at 8.30 on 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2WL, 2LM, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3SR, 3TR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, and on 4AY at 8.45 p.m.

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

FLIRTATIOUS HATS . . . . *for that new hair-do*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4715708

● Scarlet socks, worn over flesh-colored cashmere stockings, are Jaeger's idea of winter smartness now silk is scarce. Socks match the jumper and gloves.

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

● Right: Wool lace stockings by Munro are worn with fur-trimmed boots. For formal wear wool lace is made in lighter weave.

● Below: Plaid socks match the gloves and turban of this John Carr Doughty ensemble. Stockings are not worn in this case.

CHEERY NEW LEGWEAR

● Now that silk stockings are so scarce in England we have all been eagerly awaiting the new leg fashions in wool.

THESE pictures I have collected show just how attractive wool stockings and socks can be. It is unnecessary to stress their added comfort for this cold winter.

Old-fashioned objections to wool stockings have disappeared. They are no longer in dismal colors, or of such coarse weave that they irritate the legs, or badly shaped.

For sports and average day wear most fashion authorities favor short socks. These may be worn with stockings, as in the Jaeger outfit, or with bare legs, as in the Doughty picture.

Most of these socks are in gay colors, matching a scarf, a jumper, or a turban.

Lacy wool stockings are popular for more formal occasions. Those illustrated are thick, but they are also obtainable in fine weaves. Ribbing can be very flattering to the legs. Remember when we fancied ribbed silk, a long way back?

They are made in conventional shades, beige, flesh, lightish browns, and also in every imaginable color.

For afternoon wear are shown colors such as scarlet, turquoise, and shell-pink, giving a striking touch of color to a dark ensemble.

Englishwomen are taking gratefully to these new fashions in legwear. The gay colors are so cheery, the warmth so comforting, that already the scarcity of silk is borne with complete equanimity.

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FASHION HISTORY . . .

Modern American versions

Sketched by PETROV

1861.—Modern version of the fluffy nets that floated over polished ballrooms in mid-Victorian times. It is built to display lovely shoulders and a slim, trim waistline.

1912.—Reflecting the gay days pre-Great War when Irene and Vernon Castle set America dancing in pannier-topped long, slim skirts.

1620. — Demure grey-and-white dinner gown inspired by the dress of the Puritans who sailed to America by the Mayflower.

1812. — When bold buccaneers sailed the seas. Here's a dinner gown in red, white, and black, based on pirate colors, accented with a swash-buckling cummerbund.

Said the gunner with hand on the trigger—
"What a girl—what a face—what a figure!"
Said his mate, "I agree—
She wears Kayser you see—
They're the stocking to
dazzle a Digger!"

Definitely
I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

Heads turn, hearts burn, when the Kayser girl goes by in her distractingly attractive Mir-O-Kleer Sheers!
You'll score a bull's-eye in Kayser stockings—a bulls-eye for elegance—a bulls-eye for thrift.

I INSIST ON KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

K-Crepe
Mir-O-Kleer Sheer Pure Silk Crepe. Snag resistant.
7/11
Other lovely Kayser Stockings 4/11 to 9/11

KH 41-4

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YOU SAID...

"It must cling for hours"

So we made this

Powder to your order !

Here's the one face powder that is really made to your orders! We went into thousands of Australian homes and asked thousands of women, just like yourself, this question. "If you could have your powder made to order, what features would you want most?" And this is what they said. "Give us a face powder that—**1.** Has the softest, finest texture possible. **2.** Really clings for hours and hours. **3.** Is glare-proof so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. **4.** And give us a really wide choice of skin tones."

Now here it is! Pond's Face Powder. The only powder which gives you all these things—just the way you want them. Six smart shades to choose from. Pond's Face Powder is sold at all chemists and stores, and is made by the makers of the famous Pond's Creams.

1 CLINGS FOR HOURS

2 SOFTEST TEXTURE OF ALL

3 IT'S GLARE-PROOF

4 WIDE CHOICE OF SKIN TONES

POND'S FACE POWDER

NEW AND IMPROVED

Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store.

Made by the makers of Pond's Famous Creams

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England prefers A SIMPLE HAIR-DO

● While the pompadour hair style is sweeping America and is fast becoming popular in Australia, England says: "Down With Your Curls." There, women are too busy to bother with anything but the simplest hair-do. So some charming styles have been evolved — young, flattering, and easy to do.

● *SOUTHERN BELLE hair-do. Hair is parted in centre, side-pieces folded back loosely, and caught high above the ears. Back hair is left straight and turned under*

ABOVE: Victorian schoolgirl style prim but sweet. The hair is swept straight back from forehead and temples, and held in place with a ribbon.
LEFT: Youthful simplicity in a style with a side parting. Side-pieces are drawn back and pinned high on each side, and ends are allowed to curl out softly.

THIS hair style with curls piled on top is "out" in England and America. Now America likes the pompadour with a roll in front, but England goes in for the most simple style with no curls on top at all.

See page 27 for other hair styles.

HERE, in these pictures, is the new hairline which English women are fast adopting.

Simple, smooth, unfussy, brushed flat and smooth as satin close to the crown of the head.

Just because it is so simple, just because it does take only two seconds to do, this style is right for to-day for the woman who is busy all day and often most of the night, too!

Heaped-up curls, complicated "up" styles belong to pre-war days when hours were spent doing the hair. We can't spend so much time now, but we can still look just as lovely.

Indeed, these simple hair-do's are amazingly young - looking and should appeal to busy Australian women—those who find they can't wear the pompadour or who like easy-to-do hair styles, anyway.

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

So, if you want to go in for simplicity, pull down your topknot of curls, brush your hair flat to your crown till it gleams like polished metal, fold it back simply from your forehead and catch with a comb, a grip or a tiny bow.

Even though they're so easy to do, so quick to set, and so economical to have permanently waved, you'll find these new flat styles wonderfully becoming.

They can be as sophisticated or as sweet as you like to make them. Try them and see!

1. You'll look like a Southern belle with this centre-parted version of the new flat-on tops. Brush your hair sleek as silk across your head, fold back each side-piece smoothly but loosely, and catch it high above the ears at each side.

Turn the rest of your hair under in a soft, loose roll, letting it fall in an unbroken line from high at each side to the nape.

It's a version that will suit a short or round face perfectly.

2. Here's a flat style, but with side parting this time, and soft curly ends, designed to suit a long or narrow face or features that need softness round them.

Side-part your hair, brush it flat across your head, then sweep back the sides, keeping them drawn close and tight to the sides of your head, and pinned high each side with a comb. Let the ends curl out softly to make a complete frame round your face.

3. For an oval face or regular features there couldn't be anything lovelier than this, with its prim, sweet air of a little Victorian schoolgirl.

Take your hair straight back from forehead and temples without a parting at all, hold it with a little bow right at the top of the back and let the ends fall in an even roll or brushed out curls, whichever style suits you best.

If your hair has been cut with short side-pieces hold them back with a little-girl ribbon tied round your head.

But don't forget in your aim for this new simplicity that no style will look well unless your hair is cared for.

A good permanent wave, frequent shampooing and plenty of brushing are even more essential if you want to adopt an easy-to-do style.

Like a beautiful piece of material which needs no adornment to show off its loveliness except perfect cutting, so a classically simple hair style demands that hair itself must be beautiful, shining and healthy.

MORLEY
"VELNIT"
Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric has the softness and absorbency of wool, the lightness of cotton, and the smoothness of silk. Yet it is entirely different from either ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal for sensitive skins.

- Ideal for every occasion
- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT" AT ALL LEADING STORES

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?

Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm! Keep safe from underarm odour —each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her *for life!*" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too . . . when you're lovely to be near always . . . when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns —or kisses . . . just *which* you get depends on *you!*

So don't take any chances—not even *once*. For where is the girl who can dare to risk underarm odour —and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odour! A bath removes perspiration that is *past*. To avoid risk of odour *to come* . . . more women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable!*

SAVES TIME! Just half a minute a day keeps underarms fresh. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odour. Get Mum to-day. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure . . . use Mum *every* day! Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

CONVENIENT! SURE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY.

Another Use for Mum
Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

H 1965

MUM
TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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FOR MIDSUMMER MENUS

Cool! Delicious! Rich in vital food elements

KRAFT CUCUMBER SALAD

1 cup shredded lettuce; 3 ripe tomatoes; 1 cucumber; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cut in ½ inch cubes; few radishes; parsley or watercress; mayonnaise.

Cover large flat salad plate with shredded lettuce. Cover with an outer circle of sliced cucumber and an inner circle of sliced tomato. Pile cubes of cheese in centre of plate. Garnish with radish roses, sprigs of parsley or watercress. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. Serves four.

Kraft Cheddar Cheese is magic for midsummer menus, because those golden Kraft Cheddar cubes or slices look so appetising. Because they make the coolest, lightest summer fare a well-balanced and sustaining meal. Kraft Cheddar, like meat, is a first class tissue building food. It is rich also in vitamin A and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which are needed to build strong bones and sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

And be sure that you ask always for KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Kraft Cheddar is made from an exclusive blend of prize-winning quality cheeses, taken and held right at the peak of their goodness. That's why you get the same delicious, mellow flavour in every packet . . . . . the same creamy smooth texture, which makes it so easy to slice or shred, to toast or melt. No rind to waste, no crumbling, no drying out. Kraft stays fresh to the last slice in its hygienic foil wrapping.

Stays Fresh to the Last Slice

KRAFT CHEDDAR, the delicious mellow flavoured, creamy smooth cheese.

OLD ENGLISH, Kraft's tasty, fully-matured cheese.

Pasteurised for purity. Foil wrapped for freshness. In two, four and eight ounce packets sold at all food stores.

Ask for Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck designs on Kraft re-usable Swanky-Swig glasses

(Copyright Walt Disney)

Get *all four* of the popular Walt Disney designs now on Kraft re-usable Swanky-Swig glasses . . . . Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and The Three Nephews. And try all the Kraft delicacies packed in these gay glasses:

KRAFT MAYONNAISE — made from finest quality ingredients and blended to delicious creamy smoothness. You get more flavour . . . . more for your money, when you ask for Kraft Mayonnaise.

KRAFT SPREAD CHEESE — with a rich, tasty cheese flavour. Spreads in a jiffy on bread or biscuits.

KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH — the piquant spicy spread with a creamy mayonnaise base.

KRAFT SAVOURY RELISH — the delicious relish made with cream cheese, sweet gherkins, spices and apple cider vinegar.

These Kraft Spreads are sold at all food stores in re-usable Swanky-Swig glasses with the four new Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse designs.

SEND FOR KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A69), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 381 Cleveland Street, Chippendale, N.S.W.; corner Adelaide and Boundary Streets, Brisbane.

(Write to address in your State or to Melbourne, and enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.)

Please send me a copy of Kraft Recipe Book "Cheese and Ways to Serve It".

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Fashion PATTERNS

F1753.—Smart full sleeves for this effective day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3039.—Slacks, bolero, and suntop make an all-purpose sports outfit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds. 36ins. wide for slacks, 1⅞yds. for bolero, and 1⅜yds. for suntop. Pattern, 1/7.

F1800.—Just the thing for spectator sports. Note attractive panelled front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅞yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3160.—Check cotton holiday frock, buttoning down front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds. 36ins. wide, and ⅜yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2081.—Contrast waistcoat is effective with this attractive summer suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4⅞yds. 36ins. wide for suit, 1⅜yds. for waistcoat. Pattern, 1/7.

F2082.—Trim day frock with shoulder yoke and short sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2080.—Full-skirted evening gown with jacket making it suitable for theatre or dinner wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Three smart frocks for afternoon

SIZES: 32, 34, and 36 busts.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 each require 3½ yds. 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 380A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon. 15/2/'41.

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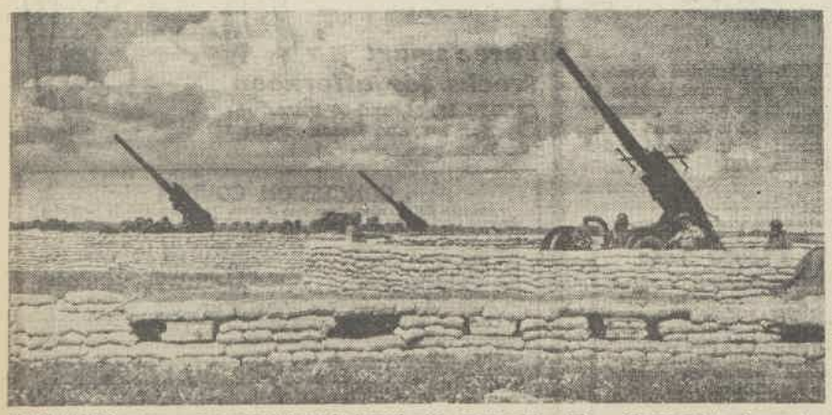
THIS ENGLAND . . . bristles against invaders

MEN of a Guards regiment, with Tommy guns, ready for street fighting. Churchill told the Commons last year: "Our island has never had such armies. It bristles against invaders."

LISTENING-POST. Gas-masked sound crew uses giant mechanical ears to catch far-off sound of enemy planes.



ENGLAND'S green and pleasant land is dotted with scenes like this. Guns point skyward; bayonets, too. Beaches, as in the top picture, do bristle—with barbed wire and sentries.

HERE THEY COME! Anti-aircraft crews are among this war's heroes. They fight the air invader with skill and daring.

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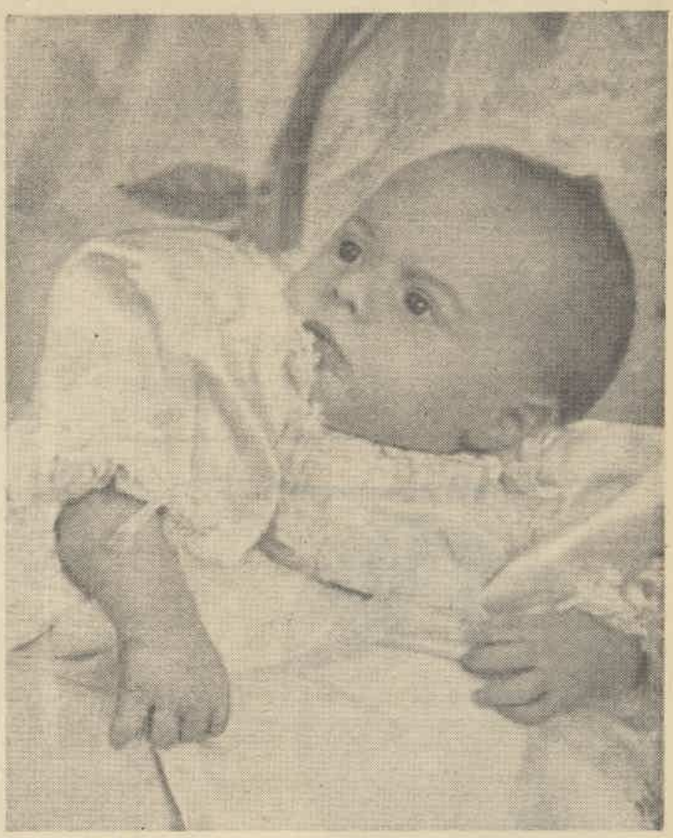
Winston II and his mother . . .

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, grandson of Britain's Prime Minister, with his lovely young mother, wife of Lieutenant Randolph Churchill.



VERY YOUNG Winston. He came into this world during the worst of the blitzkrieg, on October 10. Do you see any likeness to "Bulldog" Winston?

SO BORED . . . Winston is Prime Minister's third grandchild. His eldest daughter, Diana, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, is mother of a boy and a girl.

MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was 19 when married on October 4, 1939. She was Hon. Pamela Digby, daughter of Lord and Lady Digby of Minterne, Dorset.

SO INTERESTED . . . The baby's father is a second lieutenant in British Army, and also a Conservative Member of the House of Commons.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON, EXCLUSIVE TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4715716

Private Smith

Continued from page 6

"IT would have been rather good," thought Smith, "if he and Deirdre had fallen for each other. Poetic justice."

But Russell was too clever for that. Here he was, with his beautiful looks, getting himself engaged to that Bradley child. Of course, it might be love. It might be. Only—it was general knowledge that the Colonel himself, unlike most soldiers, had a fat private income, and that Leila Bradley was coming into a fortune of her own, left by her grandfather, when she became twenty-one.

Smith smiled sarcastically. People who had any faith in human nature deserved all they got. The Colonel and Leila didn't even know, apparently, that Russell was having a discreet affair with Major Coulson's pretty little widow.

Smith scowled. He was annoyed with himself, because he seemed to be seeing a pair of clear eyes, and a not quite arrogant young mouth. What concern was it of his if misery ever came into those eyes and that mouth quivered with pain?

Besides, there was a chance that Russell might love her purely for herself. Say a ten to one chance—or a hundred to one—or a thousand to one.

Avoiding the European quarter, he went through the bazaar with its blend of dust, and droning of high-pitched voices, and sour-sweet smell. Ram Chander's office was a mere cool hovel, the buainess place of a man reputed to be worth countless rupees.

Smith walked in.

"I want to see Ram Chander."

A skinny little Babu clerk rose from a table.

"Please, mister, he iss engaged."

"Tell me another," said Smith, and walked past him, through the door at the back, and into the dark little passage adjoining Ram Chander's private room.

Then he stopped abruptly, because a voice he recognised was saying desperately:

"But, look here, Ram Chander, the moment I marry Leila Bradley I can settle the lot. If you sink me now you'll gain nothing, and lose thirty thousand rupees."

. . . . . .

The evening light was brilliant upon the tall Sikh sentry. Smith glanced at him.

"A message for Captain Russell Sahib," he said, in a mixture of Urdu and English, and passed on. Another Sikh directed him towards the bungalow he wanted.

Russell was resting after a game of polo. With skin like a young girl, and a little golden butterfly moustache, he might have come straight out of a tailor's advertisement.

Smith entered, saluted smartly, and stood at attention.

"Well?"

"It's a personal message, sir. If you could send your bearer away—"

Russell's brows rose. Then he smiled. Leila, of course, must have sent the man. His bearer salaamed and departed.

"Now, then, what is it?" began Russell haughtily, and stopped. His bright, blue-grey eyes stared and stared, while Smith grinned with no more emotion than a china cat.

"No," said Smith. "I haven't changed such a lot, have I?"

There was a pallor at the sides of Russell's cheekbones. He spoke sharply:

"What's the meaning of this? Why are you dressed up as a Tommy in the Crailshires?"

"Just because I am a Tommy in the Crailshires."

"I don't profess to understand. Anyway, you'd better go. You must be perfectly well aware that in the circumstances you can't take up an old—friendship."

"Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline," said Smith solemnly. "Quite, sir, quite. I've only one request to make. Drop Mrs. Coulson."

While with rage, Russell jumped to his feet.

"You insolent scum! Stand to attention! Consider yourself under arrest! I'll——"

"Don't be a fool," said Smith pleasantly. "Just what sort of evidence could you give against me in the orderly-room? You'd love Colonel Bradley to hear my bit about Mrs. Coulson, wouldn't you?"

RUSSELL'S hands clenched. He said nothing.

"Leila," said Smith, "is a snow-white infant. If she chooses to love a perfect angel like you, that's her funeral. But you've got to drop Mrs. Coulson. I've gone all righteous and protective. Must be a touch of the sun."

Russell was calmer now. He said, fairly quietly:

"I think you're mad. I shall ask the C.O. to have you medically examined."

"You'd like to. But you won't. Did you manage to persuade old Ram Chander to hold his hand this afternoon?"

This time Russell was staggered. He whispered harshly:

"How did you——?"

"Pure luck, laddie. I'd got a spot of business there myself—and happened to overhear."

Russell mopped his temples.

"What d'you want? Money?"

"No. I've told you. If you're going to marry Leila, you might as well make a nice job of it. Settle your debts with her cash, turn over a new leaf, and be a good boy—sir—if you can." He snapped his heels together and saluted. "Good-night, sir."

On the way back he dropped in at a native grog shop, and emerged looking suspiciously unsteady. But his brain was clear and alert enough. It had to be, if he meant to slip in without being caught and charged with absence without leave.

There was a certain way via a wall and the shelter of some chenar trees. It involved passing through the officers' quarters, but bluff or dodging, according to the needs of the moment, ought to steer him through safely.

He was unlucky. There was a space of some twenty feet with no cover whatever. Sitting there in a deck chair, reading a book, was the colonel's daughter. He tried to draw back, but it was too late.

He put a finger to his lips.

"Sorry, miss, I'm on a Secret Service job."

She drew herself up.

"How dare you! You're impertinent—and you're drunk, a disgrace to the battalion! Why can't you pull yourself together and try to be decent?"

"Solely because I don't want to, miss."

"Then you're a coward," she said, and her voice was pitying. "I believe you must have had some trouble once upon a time, and because you were beaten you hadn't the courage to try again."

The grin faded from Smith's mouth. He stood there, swaying a little, and for once the sardonic challenge was absent from his eyes. He looked bewildered, almost child-like.

Then, almost to his horror, he found she was touching his arm and smiling at him gently.

"It's such a pity," she was saying, "that a man like you should be utterly wasted. Please don't think I'm trying to preach. I know I've never had any troubles. I've got money, and friends, and I'm going to be engaged to the dearest man in the world——"

"Is he?" said Smith, tilting his head on one side.

There could be no mistaking what he meant. She stepped away from him, and blazing contempt was in her eyes.

"You see," he said, "I'm thoroughly and insultingly rotten. Thank you for doing your best with me. You're a nice child. Sorry—miss." He saluted with an elaborate flourish, swung round, and marched away.

. . . . . .

Ram Chander, spread about and over his chair like a great brown bag of oil, beamed regretfully through gold spectacles.

"Please to accept my regrets. I am poor man. Otherwise would allow debt to remain longer."

"You liar," said Russell, through his teeth. "Poor! What's thirty thousand rupees to you? Nothing, nothing at all."

In his eyes there was sheer panic. A vein was swelling and beating in his temple.

"Are you going to ruin my career, get me chucked out of the army, lose me a wife and a small fortune—are you?"

Ram Chander remained meekly placid.

"Honored sir, that would be very sad. But if you cannot raise the money, and will not allow your humble servant to suggest a way—"

"What are you driving at?"

Ram Chander's fluty voice dropped to an apologetic undertone.

"Sahib, there are wicked men who wish to blow up the small arms ammunition and grenades stored in the old fort." He wagged his head sorrowfully. "I am afraid to tell police, or the wicked men kill me." He paused, and glanced towards the door.

Russell, dry-lipped, opened the door, glanced into the little dark passage, then closed the door and said hoarsely:

"Well?"

"These men say, help us to make explosion, and we pay thirty thousand rupees. They say, if the east door of the entrance to the magazine is left unlocked but for one minute next Thursday, at nine in the morning, it would be worth thirty thousand rupees to them."

Russell stared at him.

"I never thought you were mixed up with agitators!"

"Do not find fault with me, please. It iss the wicked men who say these things."

RAM Chander had the benign sadness of an ill-treated saint.

In the silence Russell sat haggard and still, wondering. He could hear the murmuring of the bazaar, the distant, fitful calls of a man selling sweet chupatties, the buzz of a fly in the passage.

Ram Chander's high voice trickled into the silence.

"They said there will be no taking of life. The walls will crack, and the roof may fall, but at nine in the morning there is the inspection, and no men will be inside."

Russell's nostrils dilated.

"And you happen to know that I'm captain on duty next week, responsible for making the morning inspections? Good heavens! You've worked this all out, and——"

Ram Chander's puffy hand drew out a drawer, extracted a document, and fondled it.

"Well?" he asked.

Russell tried to answer. His voice stuck in his throat. But he managed to nod, and got up.

Once outside, he took a great gulp of the odorous bazaar air, and strode off rather blindly. That was why he failed to notice Smith, who had come down to haggle with the money-lender about his own loan.

Smith whistled softly. By the look on Russell's face, he was staring into black and imminent trouble. It meant, he supposed, that Ram Chander had refused to wait for his money.

"Which means," he reflected, "a lovely splash of scandal, and the Eighteenth Sikhs short of a captain, and the Leila child weeping her eyes out. Nice bit of sob stuff.

"Shut up!" he told himself savagely.

But for once in a long while his knack of emotional control failed to function.

. . . . . .

One morning, dodging a parade by the simple expedient of becoming a temporary assistant company cook, he walked smartly towards the officers' quarters as if to deliver a message. Once in the shelter of the chenar trees he'd be over the wall and down in Hamarabad and swallowing a few pints of fire within an hour.

Then he cursed under his breath, because Leila was there with a book in the shade.

She said in a friendly voice:

"No. 1211, Private Smith, go back—quick! It's no affair of mine if you cut a parade. But I don't like decent men getting drunk."

He saluted and, for no reason he could analyse, heard himself saying gently:

"I wish you hadn't said that, miss. I shall remember it."

"Good!" She laughed up at him. "Nobody's done much with you yet, so it's a feather in my cap. Forget you're in the Army—just for a little. Forget I'm the colonel's daughter. Will you?"

"But——"

"To please me. You see, I want to talk to you about yourself. I've thought an awful lot about you," she went on with disarming frankness, "and I want to find out if I'm right. You don't care two hoots what happens to you, do you?"

Please turn to page 38

KIWI WHITE

Kiwi white cleaner is concentrated . . . in fact there is not much more than a teaspoon of water in a tubeful—*all the rest is pure white cleaner!* Because it's so pure, Kiwi will not harm even the daintiest buckskin . . . it is easy and economical to use . . . and it won't rub off. Get the best . . . insist on Kiwi White.

KIWI WHITE IS SAFE ON EVERYTHING YOU WHITEN

ONE TUBE LASTS A SEASON

(COUNTRY SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

"MELO-DEE" Cold Cream serves ALL PURPOSES—as your night cleansing cream and your daily powder base.

"The Largest Jar."

"MELO-DEE" Cold Cream liquefies quickly on the skin, cleansing even the tiniest pores AND PERMITS THE SKIN TO BREATHE FREELY. It leaves your skin clear and soft and with a FRAGRANCE that lingers. "MELO-DEE" Cold Cream is STILL 2/6 for the largest jar. NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

SAMUEL'S *Melo-dee*

Use also "Melo-dee" Face Powder—still 2/6 for THE LARGEST BOX.

2/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• HEADS TOGETHER. Eve Playfair, Mrs. Leonard Darby (almost hidden) and Susan Spencer planning "The Roundabout," to be held at Conservatorium, February 17, for Red Cross.

• YOUTHFUL bridesmaid Elisabeth Williams chats to best man Hugh Gilchrist at wedding of Mary Williams and Colin MacLaurin at Cranbrook.

• CAMP BREAKS UP. Peggy Weine returns to town after ten days at Newport with Varsity girls' camp.

• MELBOURNE picture of Michael Hawker, of the South Australian Hawkers, and his bride, Patsy Synnot, who is well known in Sydney.

Red, white, blue . . .

MORNING tea at canteen just opened by Army War Comforts Auxiliary, 77 King Street . . . tea and biscuits all for threepence. So patriotic, the color scheme. Gay red counter and stools, blue-and-white check cloths.

Perched on nearby stool I spy G.O.C. Eastern Command, Lieut.-General Miles, and Mrs. Miles . . . enjoying early luncheon of crisp salads whisked up by Mrs. Brian Carson and Barbara Davies.

In far corner of large, airy canteen machines are busy. Mrs. Dan Dwyer teaching intricacies of knitting machines, Mrs. Claude Plowman absorbed in dilly-bags. Mrs. Plowman lent her machine to auxiliary and feels lost without it, so she comes in to work . . . says more machines are needed, please.

Busy workers include Mesdames Ernest McKewan, Reg Monaghan, W. J. Garnett, David Roper, Bruce Watchorn, Neil Hinder, George Norrie and Jack Dennis

Here for wedding . . .

FAMILY reunion next week for the Bligh's when Mrs. Hugh Urquhart (formerly Hope Bligh) arrives from Colombo. Great excitement that she will be in time for brother Len's wedding with Bea Gordon, which takes place (R.A.A.F. leave permitting) at Bungendore first week in March.

Mrs. Urquhart is now in Melbourne staying at the Windsor while she lodges sons John and Derek at Geelong Grammar. Her sister, Mrs. H. W. Hawkeswood, of Woollahra, has taken flat at Potts Point in readiness for her arrival. Mrs. Hawkeswood tells me it is six years since they last met, then only for a few hours, and before that it was eight years.

Big business . . .

METHINKS there is big business future ahead for the Walter MacCallums' seven-year-old Janet. Drop in at 5th General Hospital meeting at the Australia in time to hear, "received sum of 10d. raised by Janet MacCallum by sale of silkworms."

Engagee in camp . . .

DIAL Joyce Carpenter's number to say "All the best" on morning she announces engagement to Tim Young (A.I.F. abroad), and am astonished when her mother says, "Joyce is in camp at Clontarf with W.A.N.S." It seems that Joyce comes out of camp for a day and hears that news of her engagement is creeping out, so decides against trying to keep it secret until Tim returns . . . and announces it.

To Mrs. Carpenter falls full-time job of answering telephone calls until daughter comes out of camp four days later. Joyce is waiting till Tim returns to choose ring . . . meanwhile wearing lovely bracelet he gave her before sailing.

Sea breezes . . .

COUNTRY visitors at their Manly flats . . . the Wallace Sawyers, of Wagga, Gavin Cobcrofts, of Willow Tree, and Mrs. James Robinson and daughter Jill, of Gundagai.

At Collaroy . . . Mrs. Lynn Vickery for a fortnight and the Ian Hawkers for six months. Mr. and Mrs. Hawker, with small daughters Morwena and Caroline, are staying at Shipmates until their new house at Pymble is completed.

Flying to India . . .

SUNBAKING at Shellharbor I meet Betty Sanderson on holiday from Billabong, Marsden. Tells me she is flying to India this month to wed good-looking Irishman Charles Digges, whom she met on tour abroad. He is with Imperial Bank of India.

Most of her lovely trousseau and wedding presents already en route to Bangalore and her future home in the hills. Betty's personal luggage by air will include her bridal gown, which is beautiful white satin model she wore for presentation at Court.

She flies to India alone . . . her family has not yet met her fiance.

Speaking of brides . . .

MARCH 8 is date chosen by Phyllis Heath and Jack Mobbs for wedding at St. Philip's . . . Olwen Catchlove and Ruth Williams are bridesmaids. Phyllis is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Heath, of Cremorne.

Pre-wedding parties listed for Nance Thomson are cocktails on February 22, Mrs. I. Cantor the hostess; Mrs. Bill Mofflin's luncheon, and Joan Thomson's party on 27th. Nance weds Reg Marr on March 1.

Jerusalem news . . .

TRANSPORT in Jerusalem is difficult, so Dr. Greg Cutler and Dr. Reg Bettington have bought an old car to go sightseeing.

First Englishman they meet at King David Hotel is Lord Ranfurly, former A.D.C., who, you remember, married Hermione Llewellyn. Dan is staying at super-expensive King David, whose prices, so I'm told, simply stagger Australians. Small plate of sandwiches, 13/-; whisky-and-soda, 4/-.

Did you know? . . .

HONEYMOON couple at the Australia . . . the Neil Hopkins', wed in Adelaide. Bride was Joan Reid, granddaughter of Kidman, the Cattle King. She was last in Sydney for wedding of Don Reid and Libby Bronner.

Pianists Lorraine Halse Rogers and Daphne Harpur are playing at troop concerts.

Mrs. Ron Leishman is over from Victoria . . . staying with her family at Vaucluse Hall. Attractive sister, Leila Falkiner, also still in Sydney.

The Arthur Cobcrofts are hosts to Mrs. Seppie Osborne and Beryl, at Herbert Park, Armidale.

Irene O'Rourke, of Strathfield, is wearing lovely diamond engagement ring . . . presented by Noel Hugo.

Seen around town . . .

MARY LUXTON en route from Brisbane to Melbourne. Just decided to wed Squadron-Leader Johnnie King on March 15 at St. James' Church, Dandenong . . . reception at Sir Harold and Lady Luxton's country home.

Margaret Anderson and Margot Body, down from country for wedding of Pat Daly and David Murray.

And heard . . .

PROUD father Brian Lawrence describing his fortnight-old son and heir . . . "He's got dark hair and a sense of humor."

• "COME ON IN" say attractive twin sisters, Mrs. Arthur Penn and Mrs. Carl Weight, at swimming and tennis party at Yaralla, Concord.

• OBLIVIOUS of camera . . . Mrs. Bill Wearne concentrates on ironing-board at Army War Comforts Auxiliary rooms.

• NO SHORTAGE of racquets for Madeline Prescott when she arrives to take part in blitzkrieg tennis tournament in aid of King George V Memorial Hospital appeal.

• NEW RECRUIT Signa Powell and Sheila Greenland read "welcome" notice board when W.A.N.S. begin 1941 training at Fort Street Girls High School.

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Private Smith

Continued from page 36

He said: "Perhaps you're right."

Leila considered him thoughtfully.

"It's a pity you've never fallen in love."

The instant she said it, she guessed the truth.

"Oh," she said, a trifle breathlessly, "I'm sorry! I see now."

"I was never in love," he said in a wooden way.

"I don't believe you. Nothing short of that would drive a man to do what you've done, to throw away the—the breeding and decency you've obviously had."

His brows were devilish, his lips a sullen, half-cruel line. But he could say nothing.

"It may be thoroughly out of order, and not the thing to do," she went on, "but I'm going to talk to you a lot in future." Her laugh came to him like a breeze among flowers. "After all, father can't court-martial me. So I'm going to turn you into the pride of the battalion." Her eyes had a humorous twinkle. "You mustn't disappoint me."

Some acid reply was rising to his lips, but it never got out, for she said briskly:

"Here endeth the first lesson. No. 1211, Private Smith, go back to whatever job you're supposed to be doing. Quick march!"

. . . . . .

Jemadar Pakhar Singh, grave, dignified, and black of beard, stepped up to the east door of the magazine, produced a large, old-fashioned key and, opening the door, saluted.

Russell passed through, glanced perfunctorily at the ammunition boxes stored in the dimness, and nodded. As he walked out he closed and locked the door himself and retained the key in his hand. It was done very naturally.

The two emerged into the blazing sunlight. Russell glanced at his wrist-watch and said:

"I'm early to-day. Are the men paraded for inspection?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Then let them stand easy. It isn't quite nine o'clock yet."

Jemadar Pakhar Singh saluted and passed round a corner of the building. Russell stood in the shadow thrown by a buttress of masonry, and lit a cigarette. His fingers could scarcely hold the match. His eyes were flickering with a hunted alertness.

On the strip of ground to the north, hidden by the bulk of the fort itself, were the men on parade. This side, he was alone. Thirty feet away from the solid walls stretched a tangle of ancient mangoes. Hidden somewhere in these would be waiting——

His dry lips tightened on the cigarette. What he'd got to do must be done within the next couple of minutes.

He forced himself to move, walking swiftly below the wall. It took seven seconds to reach the east door. In the climax of nerve-strain everything seemed blurred. He unlocked the door, hurried away with the key, and by some immense effort assumed a show of normality as he emerged on the parade ground.

Seeing him coming, the Jemadar called:

"Parade—tchun!"

Russell held out the key.

"Sorry. I forgot to return it to you."

The inspection commenced. Russell's actions were automatic. His brain, his whole being, waited in wincing expectancy.

In the middle of the inspection there came a sound like a gigantic cough, and a dull roar. The ground trembled. The Jemadar let out a sudden shout ordering the men to scatter.

"Sahib! Sahib!" He was pointing at the walls of the fort. They were cracked and curving drunkenly. Part of the roof had started to cave in.

Russell acted well.

"Keep the men clear!" he said sharply. "Some of the ammunition may not be exploded yet. We may be able to save it. But nobody is to approach until I've had a look at things."

To the respectful admiration of the Jemadar, he walked around those drunken walls. Where the east door had been was a mass of dusty ruin. It was then he remembered. He had been smoking his own special brand of cigarette, and he must have dropped one here. Somewhere under that heap of debris was the dead stub of it. When the sappers came to clear up the mess and investigate——

His mind was working with a deadly clarity. His cigarette dropped outside the east gate couldn't have caused the explosion. They would know that. But the Court of Inquiry would ask, what was the cigarette doing there at all? When had he dropped it?

He could picture them questioning the Jemadar, and old Pakhar Singh replying that Captain Russell Sahib had not been smoking while he was inspecting the magazine.

They would know then that he must have been back to the east door after the Jemadar left him. And once they knew that——

He passed through a gap in the walls, hoping dully that a second explosion would roar out and dispose of him and his problems. But nothing happened.

Within ten minutes the blowing up of the magazine was the one topic all over Hamarabad.

Presently there trickled through rumors of Captain Russell's bravery in inspecting the ruins while there was still a chance of another explosion.

In the canteen, Smith listened and wondered. Since for years he had trained his brain to think the worst, he began to juggle with a theory, ugly and insidious.

Russell had come out of Ram Chander's that morning like a man walking into hell. Yet Ram Chander had held his hand, and to the outward world Russell was still comfortably solvent. Why? If he'd been given a few months' grace, why had he looked so mortally afraid?

The result of his thinking produced another absence without leave. He paid a visit to the Eighteenth Sikhs, with the pretence that he had a message for Captain Russell.

When they were alone, Smith said bluntly:

"What do you know about the explosion?"

Russell turned grey. "Are you mad? Get out of here, or——"

"Drop that stuff," said Smith almost wearily, "and talk sense. You're going to listen to what I've been thinking." He lowered his voice, and as he went on talking the sweat appeared on Russell's forehead and a limpness possessed his body.

There was a long drag of silence. Smith said:

"That's how I've reckoned things out. If I'm right, and you can't cover your tracks——" He shrugged his shoulders. "What happens to you doesn't matter that much." His fingers gave a vigorous snap. "As for Government stores, and black treachery and what not, they don't mean a hoot to me. But I'm mutt enough to be worried about Leila Bradley."

Russell's fingers were plucking spasmodically at the arm of his chair. Then the remnants of his courage snapped.

"For heaven's sake, help me, man!"

Because he was desperate and helpless and saw no hope of escape, Russell told him everything.

"I see. If and when the sappers clearing up the debris find that cigarette stub——" said Smith.

"They'll want to know," said Russell hoarsely, "why I went back to the east door just after I'd locked it. I can rake up some excuse. But the Jemadar will remember how I kept the key. And when they hear that——" He buried his head in his hands. "If only Ram Chander had given me a chance——"

Smith's teeth showed viciously.

"If only Leila hadn't been in love with you." Then he laughed as if in self-contempt. "You never know. I don't really believe in miracles, but Leila might make something even of you."

He helped himself to a dozen or more of the special cigarettes.

Russell gaped at him and muttered:

"I don't understand."

"Simple, my dear Watson. At the Court of Inquiry all you've got to say is that you never went back to the east gate. They won't doubt you. When that explosion occurred I was 'absent without leave.' So nobody knows where I was. That's a useful sort of alibi. If I go down to Hamarabad to-night and get blotto, and let out how I blew up the magazine——"

"You can't! You can't!" Russell said, his voice ghostly. "Think of the disgrace!"

"It agrees with me. I'm not like you. Don't you know there are only two kinds of people in the world—those who are found out and those who aren't?" He clicked his heels, saluted Russell with elaborate sarcasm, and walked out.

Not long after sunset a soldier of the Crailshires, standing drinks to all and sundry, began to talk a lot of nonsense.

At least, his listeners took it for nonsense at first. But presently they eyed him in an uneasy fashion, and whispered, and the word got round.

Before ten o'clock he was arrested by the military police, and everybody in the Crailshires knew who had blown up the magazine.

. . . . . .

Leila Bradley did not go for her usual ride that morning. She sought out her father before he left for the orderly-room.

"It's dreadful about that man Smith! I can't believe he did it," she said.

"Can't you, my dear?" The glint in his eyes hardened. "I'd shoot that waster if I had the power."

"I still can't believe it," Leila said slowly. "He wasn't really a rotter. He wasn't selfish enough for that."

The Colonel eyed her keenly.

"Better not waste any more pity on him. You know what he is now."

"He hasn't been found guilty yet."

"You absurd child!" burst out the Colonel, half furious, half sorry for her. "Considering he was bragging of it in his drunken bout last night—by the way you talk, anybody would think you were infatuated by him."

"I liked him a lot, if that's what you mean," she said steadily.

"Leila! The man's a blackguard." His frown changed to a paternal smile. "The fact is, my dear, you're very young, and too kind-hearted, just the sort to be taken in by an artful scoundrel. Come in," he added loudly.

An orderly entered with the local mail. There were two letters for the Colonel, one an invitation to a regimental dinner, and the other in the handwriting of Stewart Russell.

"Why," said the Colonel playfully, "is he writing to me instead of you?"

He read a few lines. Such was his grip on himself, he managed to assume the alert immobility of the parade ground.

"What is it?" asked Leila curiously.

After a while he said in a strange, quiet voice:

"Would you mind going into that other room and staying there? You may overhear certain—certain statements made in this room. I think you are entitled to overhear them."

Something warned Leila not to ask questions. She went into the other room and closed the door. The Colonel walked out into the sunlight and called:

"Sergeant-major, send Private Smith under escort to me here at once!"

The sergeant-major squashed the amazement from his face, saluted, and marched smartly off to the guard-room. The Colonel returned indoors.

"Prisoner and escort here, sir," announced the sergeant-major a moment later.

"Withdraw the escort," said the Colonel. "I am going to speak to the prisoner alone."

He lifted up a letter he had been holding.

"I have just received this. It is from Captain Stewart Russell, of the Eighteenth Sikhs. It was written last night. Immediately afterwards, apparently, he intended to catch a plane. These days a man can get a long way in twelve hours. Perhaps he can go far enough to—get away for ever. No doubt he hopes so. I almost hope so. I'm going to read this letter to you, Private Smith. You may stand at ease."

Smith scowled villainously. The Colonel began to read. It was a semi-hysterical confession of Russell's, obviously brought on by the strain of the last few days. He described exactly what he had done, and why he had done it, and how Smith had offered to help him out.

The Colonel looked up, smiling gravely.

"You've been a confounded nuisance to the battalion, Smith, ever since you joined. Now what am I to say to you?"

Smith grinned sardonically, but said with reasonable politeness: "Russell's a fool, sir. But he never did have the nerve of a rabbit."

"Yet you were willing to do all this for him?"

"Well—the Army mattered more to him than it did to me."

"That's a rather thin reason. I can't quite believe it." The Colonel looked at him curiously. "Do you enjoy being considered a blackguard?"

The door of the other room opened, and Leila came out. The Colonel glanced at her with a blend of distress and wonder. Smith merely glared at her. But he was white as a sheet.

Her eyes brilliant, she walked straight up to him and said:

"I'll tell you why you did it—for me. Do you deny it?"

Smith moved his lips. As denial was useless, he mumbled: "I thought—you'd be—upset."

Up against a situation he was entirely unable to handle, the Colonel coughed awkwardly.

"You two," he said, and groped for the right words, "you two seem to have become fond of each other. The situation's impossible. What are we going to do?"

Leila gave a little, unsteady laugh.

"That depends on Private Smith, doesn't it?"

Smith studied the floor intently.

"I don't understand."

"Yes, you do. Suppose you had a star on your shoulder. Well?"

He raised his eyes to hers, and then the Colonel, realising the truth, said quickly and gently:

"I think that will come in time."

Smiling, he got up, walked to the door and paused.

"Women cause all the trouble, don't they, Smith?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith chokily, and caught Leila's hands.

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Animal Antics

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Flesh-creeping thrillers are still the best "best-sellers"

War, with all its horror and pain and personal anxieties, has failed to banish thriller, whodunit, baffler and suspense fiction from the world's reading.

On the contrary, books that promote popeyes and gooseflesh are more popular than ever.

THE thriller appeals universally to all types of people, from gentle old ladies to captains of industry.

Psychologists explain that though these horror books are close to present-day reality they are still "escape" books.

But thriller-writers and critics say the reason for their popularity is that the thriller, armed with its guns, poison phials, screams in the night and all the other blood-curdling trimmings, has stalked into the realms of literature.

In fact, the thriller has become such a slick piece of erudition that its author must work with an algebraic chart, as complicated as a film scenario or a problem in Euclid, always before him.

To-day's thriller, they claim, combines escape, mental exercise, humor and information as in Dorothy Sayers' "Nine Tailors," for which she studied the bell-ringer's art.

Red herrings are no longer obvious lures to trick the reader into pinning the blame on the wrong person. To-day's red herring is veiled in a sauce of plausibility, thereby taxing the brain and tantalising the curiosity to more frantic degrees.

Huge demand

CRIME clubs sit in judgment on new thrillers as critically and earnestly as the Royal Academy judges choosing pictures for the annual exhibition.

The demand for thrillers is so great that one American publisher produces an "Inner Sanctum" opus (a thriller with special technical background) every second Friday.

One of these is "The Goose is Cooked," staged in an electrical laboratory.

Titles are an indication of topicality and specific technical background.

"Murder in the Munition Works," the authors of which, G. D. H. and M. Cole, are husband and wife economists, includes a bomb explosion in the munition works, a strike, and a background of expert knowledge of industrial life.

"Blackout Murders," Leo Grex's breath-taker about a nyctalopiac (a man who is partly blind in daylight but sees perfectly in the dark), begins in an air-raid warden's office.

In "Crime in Two Flats," the murder takes place during a rehearsal of a symphony orchestra. Famous musicians in real life gave their consent to being implicated in the murder and the book is claimed to be a joy to music-lovers as well as thriller addicts.

In "One, Two, Buckle My Shoe," Agatha Christie sits the masterful Hercule Poirot in a dentist's chair, with his mouth full of cotton-wool.

Hercule regains his freedom and his dignity but is back at the dentist's again within the hour when death claims a fellow patient.

Seventy-five per cent. of recent thrillers are staged in a war setting or the Gestapo-ridden world of the spy.

Bernard Newman, whose spy books were read avidly during the last war, was able to add an extra touch of authenticity to "Siegfried Spy." He wrote most of it while on special duty near the Siegfried Line at the beginning of the war, and earlier instalments of the manuscript arrived at the publisher's bearing the official stamp of the field censor.

Distinct from the whodunits which flatter or madden the reader according to his ability for pinning guilt on the right party are the thrillers which stretch the imagination into a quivering thread of suspense.

Eric Ambler's "Journey Into Fear" is one of these. A British engineer returning home from a business trip to Istanbul is startled out of his sense of security to find sudden, horrible death right at his elbow.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mothers—if your children are constipated give them relief this simple, pleasant way! To-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, *natural* laxative. No need to coax or scold . . . Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. It won't upset little tummies. In the morning Figsen acts . . . gently, thoroughly and *effectively*. No griping pain, no nausea; just an easy, comfortable action. NYAL FIGSEN is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin.

The next best thing to Nature . . .

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Richer, thicker Suds-
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AH-RINSO SUDS! I THOUGHT SO THE MINUTE I SAW YOUR SNOWY WHITES ON THE LINE!

YES-NOTHING BUT RINSO FOR ME! THEY'RE THE RICHEST SUDS I EVER DID SEE-DIRT SIMPLY VANISHES!

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Three cheers for thrifty Rinso! It saves money . . . work . . . time, because these wonderful suds work harder and last longer. You need only Rinso for the whole wash, from beginning to end . . . shake it straight into the copper for the boil, use lukewarm Rinso suds for the rest. No extras to add! No hard rubbing!

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Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds — by the time it hits the bottom of the glass—it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Stop pain *more quickly* with Bayer's Aspirin

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The House That Vanished

Continued from page 7

"OH, yes! Of the usual sort. I don't deny it."

"Have you been supporting her?"

"Not exactly. I've given her money at one time and another."

"Has she ever threatened suicide before?"

"Vaguely. Never anything as definite as this."

"But you regarded this as a suicide threat, I fancy?"

"I did, yes! I don't know what to think of it now. It looks as if she were trying to make a fool of me."

"But what do you expect me to do?" asked Jimmie Lavender.

Whitelock squared his shoulders. "I'm scared, of course," he admitted. "Afraid she may have done it—somewhere else. Something like that, I guess. I don't want any exposure, to be honest. It would hurt me. I'm going to be married."

"Does she know that?"

"She may—there've been rumors of it, in the gossip columns, you know. Oh, yes, she probably knows. That's why she wrote the letter."

"And you want me to find her?"

"That's it, Mr. Lavender. Dead or alive—I've got to find out, you know."

Lavender shrugged. "I suppose so," he admitted. "It's not exactly in our line, is it, Gilly?" He looked at me, with eyebrows quizzically raised.

I shrugged my shoulders. I never did like cases involving extra-marital relations, and Lavender knew it very well.

"Mr. Gilruth is silent," smiled the detective. "But I'm bound to say, Mr. Whitelock, there are features about your story that interest me. The Ferndale Crescent touch was a master stroke of mischief. Whoever wrote the letter knew about the place, of course; or had read of it. The railroad erected it, some years ago, to mask its right of way at that point, where there is a dangerous turn. It forces motorists to go around.

"But it isn't generally known, even in Chicago, I believe. It's off the beaten track. It was a fantastic idea to send you there on this wild goose chase. Somebody has been very clever."

"You don't believe she did it, then?"

"I don't know anything about it yet. It's quite possible, however, that she did. I don't know the lady. What interests me, though, is what may now be going on in New York."

"In New York?" Whitelock's cry was incredulous; and I almost echoed it myself.

"Suppose somebody wanted to get you away from your home for a day or two—Miss Wheeler or anybody else—it would be a very smart dodge to concoct that letter and send you scurrying to Chicago."

"Good Lord!" cried Whitelock. "What for?" But he seemed to me a bit uneasy.

Jimmie Lavender shrugged. "Burglary, perhaps. That's only a suggestion. Is there anything of value in your home?"

"Of course there is. Any number of things."

"Letters, possibly?"

Whitelock started. "Oh, oh!" he ejaculated. "I see what you are getting at."

"I don't insist upon it," continued the detective easily. "I only say it's possible. But no doubt you hold letters from the young woman that would make a case of hers against you look less satisfactory in prospect."

"I do, of course!" exploded Whitelock. "What a blind ass I've been."

"Oh, no," smiled Jimmie Lavender. "You had to come. You couldn't run the risk. And it's possible I may be quite wrong, you know."

"I must get back to New York," said Whitelock. "Great Heaven, if she's been in my house—or any of her agents——"

"You won't do anything reckless," commented Lavender, "not if you're really trying to avoid exposure."

"I suppose I can't go, anyway," cried Whitelock. "Not until I know she isn't—here!"

Jimmie Lavender nodded. "However," he continued, "let us agree that the letter was a hoax. There are no two ways about that, at any rate. And if so we are reasonably justified in assuming the whole episode to be a hoax. My personal opinion is that Miss Wheeler is not in Chicago. Perhaps she has been—there is the letter, and it was mailed to you from Chicago. But she may have merely slipped it into another letter and mailed it to a friend, who was quite innocent of any malice. I should like to accompany you back to New York."

Jimmie Lavender looked again at the letter. He strolled over to his desk and brought a glass to bear on it.

"Miss Wheeler has not been in Chicago," he observed. "The letter was forwarded inside another. The impress of two addresses is not heavy, but there are suggestive indications of such hocus-pocus. Miss Wheeler is in New York."

* * * * *

Early next day the big plane set us down upon the landing field outside New York, and we taxied to the residence of Allan Whitelock.

"You've got me frightened, Mr. Lavender," he confessed. "I don't know what I expect to find! The whole place looted, I suppose, and everything of value gone. There'd be no one around, you know, to stop it. I live alone, when I'm in town. My home is really up the Hudson."

"No servants in the place?" Lavender raised his eyebrows.

"There are only four rooms in the apartment. The maid is employed by the company that runs the building," Whitelock explained.

A man in uniform nodded to him as we hurried through the door. There was no air about him of trouble within the building. Nor was the servile elevator operator in any way disturbed. On the ninth floor, Whitelock plunged his key into a lock and we entered directly on his premises.

For a moment we stood and gazed around us at a pleasant sitting-room of masculine appearance. There were sporting prints upon the walls and a built-in bookcase well filled with paper-jacketed volumes. Whitelock drew a long breath of relief, then strode across the chamber into an adjoining bedroom. The next instant we heard his strangled cry of horror.

MISS HORTENSE WHEELER, once an attractive member of the Follies, was stretched in some disorder upon the bed. Her face, in death, was peaceful enough, save for its unnatural rigidity. The blood had long ceased to flow from the little wound above her heart; but the bosom of her dress was stiff with it.

I looked at Whitelock. He was staring at the body with a glance which seemed to mingle horror, anger, fascination, and even a touch of reluctant admiration.

I looked at Lavender, and indicated with my eye the small revolver that lay beside the right hand of the lifeless girl.

"Don't touch it, Gilly," was all he said.

Then putting our client gently to one side he bent above the body on the bed.

* * * * *

The fat New York inspector, Walker, listened to Lavender's statement with stony eyes, which suddenly became friendly when the younger detective had finished his story.

"A very clear statement, Jimmie," he commended, a little patronisingly. "Any time you want a regular job, there's one open for you in New York, you know." He glanced around a trifle furtively and sank his voice. "Now, just between ourselves, what about this client of yours? Of course, he's open to suspicion!"

Lavender agreed. "Of course," he echoed pleasantly. "Forged a letter to himself, had it mailed to him from Chicago, then murdered Hortense and hurried away upon his alibi. Motive: he was going to marry this Marcia Loukens, and Hortense was threatening to make trouble. Only an ass, of course, would do such a thing and expect to get away with it."

The inspector nodded. "Sure," he said, "but we'll have to look into the young man just the same. It looks like suicide, on the face of it; and his own theory is fairly plausible—but why should this young Wheeler woman send him out of town in order to commit suicide in his apartment? She had a key to the place—he admits that. She could have entered any time he wasn't here, and done it just as well."

"Perhaps because she wants him to be suspected of murder. Wants him arrested, and tried, and found guilty perhaps. If he were in town, he might be able to prove he hadn't been near the place all day. As it is, it's doubtful. It depends on when the unfortunate young woman died—and it isn't easy to be accurate two or three days after the fact."

"Maybe even to make it look like flight, eh?" mused the inspector. "You mean, we're playing her game for her now, after she's dead! Maybe—but in that case she should have made it look like murder, not suicide."

Jimmie Lavender smiled. "That's just what she has done, possibly. You're very suspicious of Whitelock, aren't you?"

"I've seen the revolver," growled Walker, annoyed. "No fingerprints! Of course, he'd wipe them off."

"And she, committing suicide, would leave no fingerprints, if she hoped to implicate Whitelock," responded Lavender. "Her handkerchief was right beside the weapon, on the bed. She might have pulled the trigger through the handkerchief."

"Or he," said Walker.

"Oh, yes," conceded Lavender, magnanimously. "It works both ways."

They strolled back into the bedroom where, in the intervals of their conversation, flashlights had been popping.

A fingerprint expert was conducting an extensive survey of the woodwork. With the advent of the inspector and Jimmie Lavender, the room seemed somewhat congested, and I contented myself with peering round the corner of the door.

"All right, Burns," said the inspector brusquely. "That's enough, I guess. Get those fellows in from the kitchen and we'll get the body out of here."

The flashlight man desisted and thereafter two huskies entered from the kitchen, where they had been marking time, and hoisted Miss Wheeler's body from the bed. As they did so, a fold of the upper pane was brushed back into position, and something that had been upon the bed was swept to the floor by the sagging skirt.

Walker pounced upon it like a cat upon a mouse. For a large man he moved with extraordinary agility.

"Go on with it," he roared at the two men, who had paused. "Get that out of here!" He swung to Lavender. "Now what d'ye make of that?"

It was an expensive-looking cigarette-holder of masculine appearance, and there was a silver band about its middle.

"'J.P. from H.W.'" Lavender read the inscription on the silver band, turning the holder delicately in his fingers. "I should say that this was fairly important, Inspector. I congratulate you. 'H.W.' is reasonably certain to stand for Hortense Wheeler."

"Now you're talking," said the inspector. "Begins to look a little more like murder, eh?"

"It's significant," admitted Jimmie Lavender; and he added mischievously: "May I point out that my client's initials are not J.P.?"

"Nobody said they were. I didn't say that Whitelock did it." Walker hedged unblushingly. "I said he could have. I said the case was unsatisfactory as it stood. So it is. Well, I've got to start the hounds after this J.P."

He clapped the younger detective on the shoulder and strode away portentously, in search of Whitelock's telephone.

Jimmie Lavender turned idly to the crumpled bed. It had not been slept in. Miss Wheeler had been fully clothed. The cigarette-holder had been close beside the body, but hidden in the fold of the counterpane, which in turn had been hidden by the dead girl's skirt. Still, he was a little annoyed that he had not found it himself.

Please turn to page 42

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Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Aquarians can love wholeheartedly, lightly, or not at all. Sometimes they love one person, sometimes many.

THIS does not mean that Aquarians—people born between January 20 and February 19—are flirts.

Very few incline to the loving of many. Rather do they prefer to love the world through an inherent inclination towards universal brotherhood.

Wise associates will try to understand this. It is through his liking for the world at large, and his idealisms about making the world a happier place to live in, that the Aquarian reaches fulfilment in his own character and learns to express the best side of himself.

To earn the love of such a person is to know real happiness. Encourage his charitable inclinations; put faith in his idealistic plans; try to keep his feet to the earth when he becomes too radical in his ideas, and instead of being upset when he is "up in the clouds" or "down in the dumps," help him to find a commonsense pathway between the two.

In this way he will avoid becoming a crank, swayed by moods or excessively wild schemes, and instead develop into a happy, normal person, capable of producing his big ideas in practical ways.

DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days for most Arians. Concentrate on routine affairs for best results.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't be rash, bad-tempered, aggressive or unwise this coming week, for you're likely to become your own enemy and make trouble for yourself. Be on guard against all kinds of upheavals, difficulties, delays, losses or opposition and disappointments, especially on February 17 and 18. Things improve soon.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Don't waste a moment of February 15 or 16, for wisdom and enterprise then can pay good dividends. Go after things you want; seek promotion, gains, favors, make changes. But begin to take things quietly thereafter. February 19 and 20 adverse.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Things new begin slowly to improve, but the time for action is not yet. Complete routine; plan ahead.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Take particular care in all you do on February 17 and 18. Don't make changes or take journeys; be on guard against trouble through delays, obstacles and rashness.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Not an especially helpful time, yet better than the weeks ahead. Try to mark time on really important projects, and complete or begin urgent or unimportant ones on February 17 and 18.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): February 15 and 16 may be utilised to definite advantage if you plan ahead with wisdom and are prepared to work diligently and constructively. Attempt to achieve ambitions then, seek promotion, make changes, ask favors or make important decisions.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): An extremely "mixed" week—one that you must live through with caution and wisdom. It begins badly, with danger and seemingly insurmountable difficulties cropping up on February 17 and 18. Improvement thereafter. February 21 and 22 can be fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just fair on February 15 and 16 for semi-important matters, but be extremely cautious on February 19 and 20. Difficulties, worries and discord can predominate then. Changes and new ventures should not be attempted.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): February 21 and 22 have mild possibilities which wise Capricornians may be able to turn to good account.

AQUARIANS (January 20 to February 19): Wise and diligent Aquarians should be able to add to their good fortunes and opportunities by confident action and wisdom on February 15 and 16. Be sure to consolidate your position then, and seek promotion or other gains and favors.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Better times start for you soon. The first glimmerings may be seen as early as February 17 or 18. But don't take risks, make changes or commence new ventures on February 19 and 20. Plan ahead for the very near future.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in Central Africa with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and enters the den of

BESA: Wambesi sorcerer, who has captured

LIBIE CARR: Daughter of Colonel Carr, and fiancee of

TOD BROWNELL: Whose life has also been threatened by Besa.

Mandrake meets a native boy carrying a sack. The boy is about to climb a suspended rope when Mandrake frightens him, takes the sack, and finds it contains a small fox.

Besa has told his tribe that he will change Libie into a fox before their eyes, but to his amazement, when he lifts the curtain, he finds Mandrake in place of Libie, and the fox, which Mandrake holds, suddenly appears colossal. NOW READ ON.

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The House That Vanished

Continued from page 40

HIS gaze swung to the dressing-table, with its military brushes and other evidences of masculinity.

Beside the bedhead was a little night-table. On it were a lamp, a half empty package of cigarettes, and an ash-tray; the latter contained a number of stubs and several burned matches, torn from a paper book. With profound interest Lavender examined everything.

When Walker returned he asked, "By the way, did anybody see Miss Wheeler enter the building?"

"Apparently not." The inspector's answer was a growl. He added: "Nothing strange in that. This is a big building. A lot of people live here. The sort that are always giving parties, you know. There's a penthouse on the roof—a whooper-doo! Smatter of fact, there were half a dozen parties going on, on Saturday, about the time she must have died. People going and coming. Oh, it was easy enough to get in; and she had her key."

"What about J.F.?"

"They must have been together. Brought him here with her, I suppose."

"You're satisfied now that it must have been this J.F.?"

Walker grinned a bit derisively. "I'm not exactly satisfied about anything. I think he's got to be found, don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Jimmie Lavender. "I should like to see the contents of his pockets." He shrugged lightly, and added: "Meanwhile, I'd like to have a look at the building itself."

I followed him out into the corridor. "Jimmie," I said, "what's on your mind?"

"I don't know," he answered frankly. "A lot of things, of course. There are about nine hundred and eighty solutions possible in every case, and this one is no exception. This 'J.F.' interests me, I confess. Wish I could lay my hands on him before the police do."

. . . . . .

At six o'clock the telephone rang sharply in Allan Whitelock's apartment. Jimmie Lavender answered the uproar.

"That's fine," I heard him say. "Good work, Inspector! That ends our case to-night. Where is he? I'm coming down.

"They've got 'J.F.', Gilly—and now we'll know who murdered the Wheeler woman. I complimented the inspector; but really he deserves no credit. A waiter in the night-club saw a bit in this evening's paper about those initials and called up with his information. John Farnsworth is the man—an actor.

"He was with Miss Wheeler at the Club Fantastique on Friday night—the night before the murder. There was a quarrel; but the two went off together. The waiter knew them both, and Walker's just now laid his hands on Farnsworth."

"How jolly," I remarked, a bit satirically. "And that ends the case to-night, does it? You haven't been very communicative about any part of your conclusion, Jimmie."

He laughed. "I'm sorry, Gilly! I don't like being premature, you know—and it's possible, even now, that I am being just that. Any conclusions I may have reached are merely tentative. They are subject to revision at a moment's notice. Let's give the news to Whitelock. I'd like to take him with us, if the inspector doesn't mind."

He returned again from the telephone.

"We'll pick up Whitelock at the club. He's heard about this Farnsworth from Hortense, and wants to see him. Start on ahead, will you, and grab a taxi-cab?"

With the aid of the efficient doorman I had one waiting when he came down a minute later.

Whitelock was excited by our tidings. "Good lord," he said." I had no idea there was anything like this between Hortense and Farnsworth. I knew she knew him, and didn't like him, because she told me so. Why didn't the fool inspector tell me about the cigarette-holder? I could have told him what the initials stood for."

"He still had one foxy eye on you," smiled Jimmie Lavender.

"I'm glad they've got him," Whitelock said. "I suppose there's no doubt, now, that he killed her!"

"Either that or she killed herself in an effort to saddle it on you," said Lavender. He puffed out a cloud of cigarette smoke. "It's been a very simple case, and yet a very troublesome one, too. I'd have called it suicide, from the beginning, but for one thing."

"What was that?" I asked the question eagerly at the same instant Whitelock did.

"There were no matches in the bedroom. A difficult omission to explain. Think of it! A cigarette holder and cigarette, and an ash-tray containing stubs of cigarettes and half-burned matches. And yet no matches! By every other evidence, the girl had killed herself. You see? Even if she had used the last match in the paper folder, the folder would remain. It wasn't there. I argued that the case was murder, and that the murderer had thoughtlessly dropped the matches back into his pocket—a natural action."

I thought it over. "It sounds great, Jimmie," I agreed. "But if we fail to find the matches upon Farnsworth, aren't we up against it? In that case, the matches are still missing, and——"

"Good Lord," cried Whitelock, "he may even have thrown them away! Or he may have a different kind, now, in his pocket. A man doesn't always carry the same folders. He usually has a pocketful, all different."

"These happened to be Lucastas," said Jimmie Lavender. "They're fairly common. But I grant you there are difficulties. The case may yet turn out to be a case of suicide, as I have warned the inspector repeatedly. The missing matches may still be somewhere in the bedroom. One thing is certain; I'll have another search for them to-morrow, if anything goes wrong to-night. I'll shake out every blanket. I'll take the place apart."

The taxi stopped before a big grey building, and I reached for my change pocket to pay the driver.

"Anyway, here's headquarters," I said. "We'll know in just a minute."

Whitelock sprang out upon the pavement, then brought his fist down with a thump into his other palm.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "What an ass I am! I've forgotten Marcia!"

"Forgotten her?"

"She's waiting for me in the lobby of the Medwick. We were to dine together. In the excitement of your news, I clean forgot it. Fortunately it isn't far. I'll keep the taxi, if I may. I'll just excuse myself and come back."

"Why don't you bring her back with you?" said Lavender. "I think I'd like to meet her." He smiled. "She's standing by you, like a brick, now, anyway."

"She is," said Whitelock heartily. "I'll bring her if she'll come. I can't quite fancy her enjoying it."

"Try to persuade her, anyway," smiled Lavender.

With a little laugh he watched the speeding Whitelock dash away amid the traffic; then he seized my arm and hurried me through the big grey doors.

"The end, Gilly," he murmured happily, "comes somewhere near the finish, as a rule."

There was no time to ask for explanations. Almost at once we were smack in the middle of Inspector Walker's private show.

Farnsworth, the actor, wasn't having a very pleasant time. A number of detectives were standing round him, looking cynical.

"All right, all right," we heard him mutter. "Have it your own way, gentlemen!"

The inspector swung about in triumph. "Hello, Jimmie," he roared. "Well, here's our man!"

"One question, please," said Lavender quickly. "Does he identify the holder?"

"I never saw it before in my life," the prisoner said coldly. "It hasn't even been used. She said she had a present for me, we quarrelled just foolishly, over a trifle, and she said she wouldn't give it to me."

"That satisfies me!" said Lavender quickly. "Inspector, the murderer is in a taxi-cab, bound for Whitelock's apartment in the Pelham. He's going there to plant a paper of Lucasta matches in that bedroom. If you want him, get somebody there on the jump. His name is Allan Whitelock."

JIMMIE LAVENDER lighted a cigarette. "Whitelock was at once smart and very, very dumb," he told me. "He figured out a rather clever alibi, however. She had been blackmailing him, apparently, after hearing of his engagement to Miss Loukens.

"Chronologically, as I see it, the story runs like this: Whitelock invited his little blackmailer to his rooms, and she came—letting herself in with her own key. There was one of the usual shindys going on in the penthouse on the roof, and no attention was paid her one way or the other.

"When Whitelock arrived, she was awaiting him. He murdered her while she sat on the bed and smoked a cigarette—which he lighted for her. Thoughtlessly, he dropped his paper of matches back into his pocket; and there were no others in the room.

"It wasn't hard to make the murder look like suicide—superficially, at any rate.

"He wiped his own prints off the weapon with the young woman's handkerchief, and then dropped the gun and handkerchief beside her right hand on the bed. Almost at once he caught a train for Chicago.

"This was on Saturday. Next day was Sunday—a holiday—and obviously he'd told the management he would be away for some time, which automatically would keep the maid out of his apartment for a number of days. Rigor mortis, he cleverly recognised, is not an accurate clock.

"When we arrived this morning—Tuesday—Miss Wheeler, I think, had been dead for not less than sixty-five or sixty-six hours; but who is to say that it might not have been only fifty-nine or sixty? Yet the difference would mean safety for Whitelock."

I grinned. "I heard you tell the inspector that only an ass would think he could get away with such an alibi," I said. "Now you call it clever!"

"Quite so," said Lavender cheerily. "In the first place, nothing that I said to Walker is to be regarded as having been necessarily serious. Whitelock was our client until he was proved guilty; and whatever I believed about him, there were serious doubts.

"I was determined about one thing, anyway; that if Whitelock was the guilty man, I was going to prove him so myself—to pay him for trying to make me part of his alibi.

"Therein lay the principal cleverness of his plan; a really splendid bluff, Gilly. Arriving in Chicago on what he knew to be a wild goose chase created by himself, he came to me. Who would believe that a murderer would thus place himself in the hands of a detective?"

"A famous detective," I murmured.

"Spare my blushes," said Jimmie Lavender. "But you see it made his wild tale look just that much more plausible. I suspected him, of course; and yet his story might be true. It was the circumstantial details of it that particularly made me doubt him. He reported every move that he had made; every trifling sentence uttered by himself or by his driver. Obviously he had noted and memorised it all for future use."

"And the letter?"

"Wrote it himself, as I suggested, and had it mailed back to him from Chicago. That's no trick. Any innocent person would oblige him. Probably that part of the scheme went through some weeks—even months—ago. The letter looked a trifle old. When I pretended to see the impress of two addresses, I'm afraid I was using my imagination. He knew of Ferndale Crescent, of course. It's written up in a book of curiosities—a copy of which volume, by the way, I noted on his shelves."

"You seem to have noted everything," I said. "You didn't tell me much, however."

"You saw as much as I did," he retorted. "You saw old Walker find the cigarette-holder. You should have seen, as I did, that it had not been used. It was obviously a gift of some sort. When I heard John Farnsworth's explanation of it, it had the ring of truth. But I was already tired of Whitelock's certainty that I was on the job to clear him. I resolved to put him to the test—and you saw me do it.

"The hint I dropped him in the taxi-cab was sufficient. He saw his only chance to rectify his error while we were interviewing Farnsworth. And Walker got him immediately after the act. Sorry I haven't a Latin tag to end with, Gilly!"

I laughed. "Do you suppose he had to drop off somewhere to get a package of Lucastas?"

"I'll tell you a secret about that," said Jimmie Lavender, "now that Whitelock has confessed. They weren't Lucastas in the first place! They were Eldorados. But I realised that Whitelock wouldn't remember what matches he had used on Saturday: and Eldorados are a little hard to find. I knew he had Lucastas in his pocket when he dashed away, however. To be on the safe side, I slipped them in myself."

(Copyright)

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—On your mark for an all-Australian sum! Take the total size of South Australia, add the size of Tasmania, and the answer is
Larger than Queensland — smaller than Queensland—about the same size.

2—By all means add consomme to your menu—remembering, of course, that it's a sort of
Savory — stew — soup — fruit drink.

3—Another recent feather in the British cap was the assault on Bomba, Italian seaplane base in
Libya—Abyssinia — Eritrea — Italian Somaliland.

4—Which poet said that "They also serve who only stand and wait"?
Dryden — Shakespeare — Wordsworth — Tennyson—Milton.

5—Laurel—the emblem of victory! And if you've read your classical mythology you'll know that it was chosen as such by
Apollo — Jupiter—Narcissus—Minerva—Bacchus.

6—Count Csaky, who died last month, was
A former Premier of Austria —Hungarian Foreign Minister—Czech Foreign Minister before Munich—one of the Regents of Yugoslavia.

7—Of course, "F.A.Q." referring to wheat stands for
First Australian quality—full assured quantity—fair average quality—first A grade quality.

8—Quite correct, a "vet." is an animal doctor. The full word is
Veteran—veterinary—vetinary —veterany—vertebrate.

9—It's not so good at all if you can't remember that Italy began her disastrous war on Greece last
August — September—October —November—December.

10—Just to be different, let's end with an overture—the ever-popular "Poet and Peasant," which was composed by
Rossini — Sousa—Suppe—Irving Berlin—Weber.

Answers on page 44

Thrilling *New-type* Shampoo *Gives Glamorous Hair Beauty!*

INCORRECT WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk.

Totally Different from all other Shampoos
Produces beautifying results never before known
New Softness . . . New Lustre . . . New Allure

★ It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance *of any hair.*

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men cannot *resist* a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What!" you say, "No second rinse? No vinegar or special after-rinses?"

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinsable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used, too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.

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Trophy

Continued from page 8

SHORTLY after the necessary precautions had been accomplished, the Germans arrived. Not many, only a small, single mechanised unit, well in advance of its division, and headed by two automobiles full of grey-clad officers which stopped at the castle gates, peremptorily demanding entrance. The princess sent polite word that she would receive them shortly in person, congratulating herself that all the young women of the vicinity, including Tamara, had been sent away only that morning.

While she was dressing, with the aid of a fumbling, frightened housewoman, a demure voice said behind her, "Shall it be the brown wig today, dear madame, or the blonde toupee of ceremony?"

The princess turned with a start. "Tamara! But you were to go with the village girls to the convent."

"From which I have returned only just in time. Surely you did not expect me to leave you here alone at a time of danger?"

A smile played unwillingly about the old woman's lips. She muttered, "Knowing the blood, I should have known better." Aloud, she said acidly, "The Paris wig, by all means. We must make upon our guests a proper impression."

The girl noted with pity how the princess' head and hands were shaking, as she descended the stairs alone, gazing haughtily at the three German officers below. They were good-looking youths, very neat and blond and Nordic in their close-fitting field uniforms, and one of them stepped forward promptly to lift her hand to his small moustache. "Eure Hoheit," he murmured ceremonially; adding with a broad grin, "You do not know me then, Grosstante Anastasia?"

She went giddy with relief. "What, not Maximilian von Schoenberg? Not the grandson of our own poor Natalie? To see you so well-grown and handsome, Maxi, gives me much pleasure. You will, I hope, regard my house as your own?"

"That is our intention, Grosstante," he said, pleased. "I have, in fact, come especially to offer your castle the protection of my presence."

"My valet Fedor will look after you," said the princess. "He will attend you and your friends to the guest pavilion immediately."

"Quite unnecessary, we shall do very well where we are, Grosstante."

"Tiens, so many dashing young men in our dovecote—? That would hardly be suitable!" she said, smiling. "You will find the guest pavilion quite comfortable, I trust. We dine at nine o'clock."

. . . . . .

Dinner that evening became a quite gala affair. Anastasia preferred young men, and especially young men of her own family, to any other type of company, and went into full regalia, a decolletage of quite alarming extent, replete with diamond sprays and jewelled chains. Even Tamara wore that evening her first jewels—a necklace of seed-pearl clusters presented to her for the occasion by her patroness. They became her so well that, somewhat to her dismay, she found herself quite the centre of attention. The princess, accustomed to dominate her own table with quips and anecdotes and hardy badinage, began to feel some displeasure. But no wonder, she thought indulgently, that they appreciated so naively the shy young graces of Tamara.

"It is well, Grosstante, that you retain at least one example of Polish maidenhood to prove your country-women's reputation for beauty!" commented Max, lifting his glass to the embarrassed girl. "My men report that your village consists entirely of antique hags and female children of the teething age."

Looking keenly about the table the princess saw in each of their immature boys' faces a look she had not noted before—a slight coarsening of the features, a relaxed, subtly brutalised expression. For the first time in her life, perhaps, a sense of fear touched her. When coffee was brought, she rose, making the excuse of her years to retire early and taking Tamara with her.

On the way upstairs she said to the girl, "To-morrow I shall have a bed put in my sitting-room for you. Your room is too far down the hall. Lock your door well to-night, my girl."

At intervals the princess, always a heavy sleeper, was roused momentarily by shouts of song, the thump of a piano, the crash of overturned furniture, from the drawing-rooms below; and thought before she quite remembered that her nephews must be amusing themselves very well that evening. Toward dawn she became aware of Fedor rattling desperately at her door, and calling, "If the Excellency would but come—Pan Stanislaus can do nothing!"

She went as she was, in her discreet, spinsterly ruffles, scant grey locks bristling gorgonwise from a lace-trimmed nightcap. For a moment, the group gathered at the far end of the hall remained unaware of this apparition. Von Schoenberg had got hold of a billet of firewood, with which he was attempting to batter down a door against which Father Stanislaus stood, with arm outstretched, exclaiming, "Baron Max, I beg of you—Please! You forget yourselves, my sons!"

"This is no place for a man in skirts. Stand aside, priest," warned the young lieutenant amiably; and brought down his billet upon the other's arm, which dropped limp, broken.

Then Princess Anastasia found words. What she said she did not afterward remember, nor did those who heard her; only the impact of her voice, and the quite mad glitter in her eyes. The group scattered and broke before her, one of them dragging von Schoenberg away with an abashed: "No, no, Max, let be! The girl will keep."

AFTER that, the two ladies kept to their rooms upstairs. Max, it is true, attempted some slight, sheepish effort at apology. "It was nothing, Grosstante, we merely required the fraulein to dance with us—you should not have sent away all your little pretty peasant girls." He grinned, and it was not a pleasant grin. The lips were too thickly red, the teeth each sharply separate, like fangs. "Such respect has not always been shown employees of this house, one hears—or perhaps you think I do not know who the little fraulein is? But we shall see, Grosstante, my attentions may prove less objectionable in that quarter than you imagine—like mother, like daughter, hein? At least, judging by results, one commends Cousin Victor's taste!"

He drew back, thinking she meant to strike him then; but she merely said, tonelessly: "My nephew Victor died too soon. There are, however, other men of my family who will know how to guard from insult a protegee of ours."

"Ach, so? Others? Is it possible," he said deliberately, staring at her, "that your so-inefficient Polish government does not even keep its citizens informed of war casualties? But I forget, there is no longer a Polish government; it has fled."

"That," she cried, trembling visibly, "is a lie!"—but she knew from the triumphant malice of his smile that it was not a lie. She said, after a moment, the words coming as if from a great distance, "You spoke of—war casualties?"

Clicking his heels together, he replied with unctuous compassion: "I regret to be obliged to inform you that within the past few days the names of the three Princes Lezcinski, my cousin Wladimir and his two young sons, have all been reported to us as killed in action, but most creditably. That," he explained, "is why I received permission to come on in advance to this place, in order to ensure its proper protection, since no doubt I shall inherit this excellent little property, as your own nearest of kin—in fact, your only remaining male kin." He paused, seeing her crumple oddly in upon herself, and had the mercy to ring for a servant to bring brandy.

But the old woman did not accept the brandy. She rose, painfully, to her full height, and took the servant's arm to leave the room. As she passed him she said, with great distinctness, "You are mistaken, von Schoenberg. You are not, God be thanked, my only remaining male kin!"

Tamara ran to her assistance; but the princess passed unheeding, tottering toward a small turret alcove adjoining her room, into whose panelled walls was built a little private oratory. There she sank to her knees on a praying stool.

"She knows now," whispered the girl to Fedor, "of Prince Wladimir's death?"

The valet nodded, his face working. "Of all their deaths—there are no more Princes Lezcinski. There is no more Poland," he said; and began to weep.

. . . . . .

From between drawn curtains, within call of the motionless figure on the bed, Tamara watched, the next morning, much unwonted stir of activity below their windows; soldiers coming and going, heavy-laden with hams and kegs and other provender, while a great squawking of slaughtered fowls and hogs arose in the background, and later still an excited, uncertain baying of hounds.

The princess asked from the bed, with closed eyes, "Why do they loose the stag hounds, Fedor?"

"In order to round up the park deer, Excellency," he replied, with hanging head.

Her eyes flew open. "At this season? Shoot tame does, with young?"

"They do not intend to shoot them, Excellency, but to corral the deer, and kill them with bludgeons. It is forbidden to waste ammunition," he said.

The princess sat suddenly erect. "Von Schoenberg must be informed of this! Even he could not countenance such an outrage," she muttered. "Go, Fedor, ask the lieutenant-baron to be good enough to wait upon me at once."

Please turn to page 44

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 12. Mr. Edwards, The Australian Women's Weekly Home Gardener — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 13.—June Marsden — Vocational Guide for Children.

FRIDAY, February 14.—Patricia Morison—Highlights from Opera.

SATURDAY, February 15.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, February 16.—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: War; What Does America's Horoscope Indicate?

MONDAY, February 17.—"With the A.I.F. Overseas"—Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, February 18.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

New popularity for old-time plays

Several outstanding new productions will be heard from station 2GB on Friday and Saturday nights in future, when "The Witch's Tale," "Mutiny on the Bounty," and "The Old Time TheAyter" will be leading features.

MR. H. G. HORNER

THIS type of entertainment has been previously confined almost exclusively to other sections of the week, but a wide rearrangement of the schedules has been planned to come into immediate operation.

"A commencement has been made," said the general manager, Mr. H. G. Horner, "with the broadcasting of 'The Witch's Tale' every Saturday night, and listeners on Friday, February 14, will hear 'Mutiny on the Bounty' and 'The Old Time The-Ayter.'

"Although 'The Witch's Tale' had been a sensational success in America for more than six years, there was some doubt in our minds as to how it would be received by Sydney listeners.

"We therefore broadcast one chapter and asked our listeners if they would like to hear more of it. The response was overwhelmingly in favor of its continuation, and so "The Witch's Tale" went on the air.

"We then arranged to set aside for a few weeks one half-hour each Saturday night in which we would broadcast sample chapters from some of the many other programmes in our library which, although possessing wide listener interest, had never been broadcast in Sydney.

"Because of its popularity with listeners, 'The Witch's Tale' has now become a fixture on Saturdays at 7.45, and temporarily, at least, we are continuing the trial session of other programmes each Saturday at 9.15.

"The changes already made on Friday night will mean the broadcasting of 'The Old Time The-Ayter' at 9.15, and of 'Mutiny on the Bounty' at 8.

"The production of 'Mutiny on the Bounty' involved the employment of one of the largest casts ever employed in an Australian broadcast programme, and includes such names as Harry Dearth, Lou Vernon, Peter Finch, Gwen Munro, Lola Kelly, Reg Hawthorne, Les Warton, Ron Randell, George Hewlett, Bert Barton, Victor Gourlet, and many others. Harvey Adams is producer and compere."

"The Old Time The-Ayter" is a programme of hilarious comedy. It is plain, unadulterated melodrama of the theatre fifty years ago, complete with heartless villain, beautiful heroine in tears, and the hero who always arrives just in time. These are some of the titles:—

"The Gamekeeper's Daughter" or "Virtue Triumphant."

"Snatched from her Lover's Arms" or "The Menace of Geoffrey Mummery."

"Wedding Bells" or "From Scullery to Castle."

"Love Will Erase All Prison Stains."

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New 3-Second Relief

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Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of **Frozol-Ice** . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then work so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. **Frozol-Ice** is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other skin eruptions and inflammation.

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85 Cubitt St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Trophy

Continued from page 43

THE princess asked briefly if he knew what was occurring in her park.

"Certainly I know," he smiled deprecatingly. "My men are entitled to some little relaxing recreation after hard service. As sport, this would not interest you or me, the creatures are tame as house dogs; but it provides at least some novelty for the soldiers' cooking pot."

She asked, staring at him, "Do you no longer, then, preserve game on your own estates, von Schoenberg?"

"Gewiss, but that is German game," he replied. "We are, however, saving your upper forest here for better sport, later. With your permission," he added, bowing.

She looked at him, unblinking; and after a moment he bowed himself away, in some discomfiture.

Less than an hour later, however, he was back in a different mood, grim and laconic, accompanied by a squad of armed men, and bringing with him all the terrified women servants; also Father Stanislaus, very pale, his broken arm in a sling, and the valet Fedor.

Tamara jumped to her feet as this group entered the princess' boudoir, without ceremony—she had been sitting behind drawn curtains, her fingers in her ears, not bearing to hear or see the tragedy being enacted in the park below, amid whose trees little bewildered creatures fled to and fro, pursued by slobbering, demoralised dogs. Once and again she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, close at hand; apparently not all the deer were being despatched by bludgeons.

The princess herself came to meet the intruders out of the little turret chapel beyond, where she had been praying again. The girl noted with amazement that she moved quite erectly now, and that the palsied head and hands were as steady as her fixed eyes. "What," she said, "is the meaning of this intrusion, Lieutenant-Baron?"

"Eure Hoheit," he replied stiffly, "is informed that an indefensible act has been committed on her property. Two of my men have just been shot from ambush here, one fatally."

Father Stanislaus broke in quickly: "I have told you that it is impossible, my son! Her Excellency has had each house on the whole estate searched, under my supervision, for firearms. Even the castle has been emptied of every conceivable weapon of offence."

"Ach, so? The shots, Princess, came from one of your upper windows here. Now we shall know who fired them. There is no escape, the house is completely guarded, we shall make thorough search."

"Do so, by all means," she said, handing him her chatelaine of keys. "Would it not be well," she added, "while your men seek elsewhere, to search yourself through my own rooms?"

Grimly, the young man took her at her word. He jerked open closet doors, he looked into her bath, into the turret alcove. "Do these panels open?"

"Why not see for yourself?" suggested the princess. He jerked them apart, revealing within the little shrine of Our Lady, its usual lace draperies and altar cloth replaced by mourning purple. Somewhat abashed, he closed the panels again.

THE men returned with no contraband weapons and no prisoners.

"Do not, von Schoenberg, continue to make yourself ridiculous," said the princess curtly. "Obviously the culprit is not one of my maids, mere peasants, who tremble at sight of a firearm. Fedor, there, is nearly as old as myself—his hand shakes too much to serve wine properly! You will hardly suspect Father Stanislaus, whose right arm is, as you may observe, incapacitated. That leaves only my young companion, who has never handled so much as a pistol in her life. Is it not possible that the shots may have come not from the castle windows but from some nearby tree?"

"Possible, but not probable," he said succinctly. "We are not permitted to take chances, Princess. Punishment must be administered. I should regret," he added, staring slowly from one to another, "the necessity of punishing your entire household for the misdeed of one, but——"

"Punishing in what way?"

He made an expressive gesture toward the waiting squad of soldiers. "For snipers, there is only one punishment."

She rose to her feet. "You cannot mean that you would dare to execute—to murder—a number of persons you know to be innocent, because of——"

It was Fedor who interrupted them, staring at her with anguished, imploring gaze. "No, no! Say nothing more. I will speak, I will confess it!"

The princess stared back at her servant, speechless. For once it was his eyes, not hers, that commanded. She fell back into the chair, her hands before her face.

"Jawohl!" said von Schoenberg, and barked an order.

The squad of men surrounded Fedor.

Father Stanislaus went with them, crucifix in hand. Above the shuffle of feet on the stairs, they heard his voice begin the office for the dying, heard him steadily intoning Latin from the courtyard below, interrupted presently by a sharp volley of musketry; one only. No ammunition had been wasted.

. . . . .

Some hours later, Tamara came running into the princess' room to tell her that the intruders appeared to be leaving in haste. "Oh, madame, madame, take heart! Can it mean that after all our forces are driving the Germans back?"

"Help me," said the princess faintly, "to a window, child."

They saw that one of their guests' automobiles was already going full speed down the avenue, containing two or three German officers, while the second car waited at the door of the guest pavilion, apparently for von Schoenberg, who emerged at the moment and started across the courtyard to the castle, followed by his chauffeur.

"Our relative," muttered the old lady, "intends no doubt to pay his farewell respects."

The girl opened the door of the boudoir to him, without lifting her eyes. "Your lashes are like a fluttering, frightened bird's feathers—soon I shall smooth them for you with my lips!" he promised softly; and aloud to the princess, bowing from the waist, "Many thanks for hospitality, Grosstante Anastasia. Instructions have now been received to join my command elsewhere."

"In some haste, it appears," said the old lady dryly, "since you depart empty-handed."

"Quite so. But with permission, I do not depart quite empty-handed. It would seem a pity to leave some fine vintage wines one has discovered here entirely to the uncultivated palate of mere females, what?"

The princess said, "I am flattered! Tamara, perhaps you had better bring my jewel box also."

He said angrily: "It pleases you to jest! You have other treasures here, however," he added, fixing his deliberate gaze on the aloof, pale girl, "which interest a man of taste far more than the contents of cellars and jewel boxes. So I do not say farewell, dear ladies, only auf Wiedersehen. Very soon I shall be with you again, to celebrate another German victory—And you will help me, nicht wahr, schoenstes fraulein, to make of it a very happy victory?"

When he had gone, the old woman said, "Leave me, please," and Tamara, as she closed the door, saw her go quickly into her oratory again, putting aside the long purple altar cloth as if to take something from behind it.

Out of the hall window she watched, as one paralysed. Von Schoenberg, waiting beside his car, called an impatient order to his servant, who came hurrying from the castle with a basket full of bottles. At that moment, the sharp crack of a rifle sounded. The man spun round, his bottles crashing, and sprawled flat.

"Donnerwetter! Was gibt's?" cried the officer furiously, starting toward the house. Again the rifle cracked, twice; and he also dropped as he ran, the body twitching gradually into stillness.

. . . . .

It was twilight when the haunted peace of the woodland, where now no creature moved, was broken by the sputtering rapid approach of a sidecar motor-cycle, bearing on its handle bar a conspicuous American flag. Tamara ran out and into Stephen's arms without a word. They clung together for a space, still speechless; then he put her aside. "Not a moment to waste—I couldn't get through before, every road blocked. But some agreement has been made to let civilian refugees pass out toward Rumania. This is the best I could get hold of by way of transportation. I'll simply have to take one of you out to a safe distance, and return for the other—But," he exclaimed, suddenly staring, "you've got a car! Full of gas, too! How in the name of heaven did you manage that?"

"By—by capture," she said. And taking him by the hand she showed him where the heavy bodies of the Germans had been dragged to a place of concealment behind some shrubbery. Then she began to weep. "Oh, Stefan, Stefan, our poor princess! She's quite gone. She does not even realise what she has done!"

But the old lady seemed to him rather less mad than usual, although very much feebler—become indeed quite gentled, and surprisingly amenable to the idea of flight. "It is pleasant in the Carpathians at this season," she said. "Our Hungarian friends there will be delighted to receive us. We must take plenty of evening frocks, Tamara."

WHEN the girl had run upstairs to pack a few necessities, she added confidentially to the American, "It will be wiser, more conventional, you understand, if you are married first by my chaplain, Father Stanislaus, in case I am unable to remain with you."

"Married?" The young man, though startled, was quick to take advantage of his opportunity. "Nothing would make me happier, Cousin Anastasia! But I thought——"

"Circumstances have now altered. While it is true that I took the girl from a foundling asylum, I lied to you about her parentage."

"I understand. There were certain rumors in Warsaw," he said gently.

Her head went up. "There are always rumors in Warsaw; you will do well to ignore them, monsieur. They are even saying now that General-Prince Wladimir, the head of our house, also his two young sons——" she paused, bewildered. Elliott nodded, without speaking. "That of course is a cruel lie. However, in times of war it may be as well to make sure of another Leczinski heir, both Wladimir's sons being still unmarried."

"I understand," he said again, flushing. "But if you mean me, Princess, aren't you afraid the relationship might be too distant——"

"The relationship of Tamara's children," she interrupted succinctly, "will not be distant. I had intended to do what was possible for the girl's future, leave to her my jewels, some little income. But to bequeath to her outright even so small a family estate as this—Appearances must be considered."

Appearances, thought the young man, with the world tumbling about their ears!

"So, you comprehend why I wish now to make sure of this marriage for Tamara—that her husband might become my heir-at-law would right, do you see, a grievous wrong. My dear nephew, Victor, will be greatly pleased. Tamara's mother was a good girl, and a modest one; only it was not, of course, suitable that a Prince Leczinski acknowledge as wife a little governess out of our own nursery—But come, come, we have no time to waste here!"

It was an odd little hurried wedding, none too legal, the American suspected, without banns or licence, performed by an unwilling Catholic priest, before a small alcove altar. But there would be the rest of their lives together, please God, in which to prove its validity.

SO they started with Princess Anastasia on a strange wedding journey, to the rumble of distant cannon, leaving behind them the pall of cloud, lit with sultry flashes, that hung uplifting over Warsaw. But first, despite the need for haste, the old sportswoman insisted upon making with her new heir a tottering round of the upper gallery where her own hunting trophies were displayed—a stuffed bear that served as lamp, an elephant's ear that had become a fire screen, a tiger-skin rug.

"When you come into possession here," she admonished him, "I trust you to see personally that these souvenirs are well treated for moth. Fedor is a little past his work now; like myself, he grows forgetful. Eh, yes, I was in my day as keen a shot as any, no game too difficult for my brothers and me, too inaccessible. Yet still the best shooting on the Continent is to be found right here in our own Polish forests."

She added regretfully, with a macabre little passing glitter of the eye: "It is a pity you have not seen the finest of my trophies, such a handsome specimen, the thick yellow belt of hair, the sharp tusks, the small, stiff brush of moustache! I wished to have it mounted and placed in that one remaining space above the mantel. But Father Stanislaus was very tiresome about it, he would not let me," she complained petulantly. "He said that there was not time."

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The answer is—

1. Smaller than Queensland.
2. Soup.
3. Libya.
4. Milton.
5. Apollo.
6. Hungarian Foreign Minister.
7. Fair average quality.
8. Veterinary.
9. October.
10. Suppe.

Questions on page 42

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SEND 1P in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 980 GG, G.P.O., Sydney.
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Sd. packet of famous Camilatone Tonrinx sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:
Those touches of sparkling white on a dark frock at neck and wrists are wonderfully smart. To keep lingerie collar and cuffs fresh and crisp, have them detachable so you can whip them off and put them through the suds after every couple of wears.

First prize for a NOVEL FRUIT PIE . . .

● The week's best entry in our recipe competition. Other recipes are awarded consolation prizes, and are also published below. This weekly recipe contest is open to all our readers, so you, too, can enter.

ALL you have to do to compete in our exciting best recipe contest held every week is write out your favorite recipe, attach your name and address, and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

APRICOT PIE WITH GINGERNUT CRUST

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, and salt, 1½ cups stewed apricots, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs.

To slightly-beaten egg-yolks add half a cup of sugar, stewed apricots (stoned and drained). Add milk, salt, and spices. Cook until thick in a double boiler. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot apricot mixture. Mix thoroughly and cool. When it begins to thicken add remainder of sugar and fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites.

Now make gingernut crust.

One and a half cups gingernut biscuit crumbs, ½ cup castor sugar, 1/3rd cup butter.

Crush gingernuts, mix with butter and burning. As soon as it comes a pie-plate, leave in cold place several hours, then fill with apricot filling, and chill.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Collins, c/o Mrs. J. Bathman, 125 Cardigan St., Carlton, Vic.

MUSTARD PICKLE RECIPE

One quart assorted vegetables in season, 1lb. fine salt, water, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons turmeric, 2 tablespoons mustard, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 3 pints vinegar.

Cut vegetables — tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, onions, and cauliflower—into ordinary pickling-size pieces. Sprinkle with salt and cover with water. Allow to stand overnight in an enamel pot. In the morning place on stove and heat sufficiently to scald vegetables. Remove from fire and drain off brine. Mix flour, sugar, curry, turmeric and mustard with vinegar to a stiff paste, then gradually add remaining vinegar. Pour over vegetables in preserving-pan and cook until tender, stirring to prevent lumps and sugar. Pat mixture firmly into to the boil the liquid thickens. Continue boiling for about 20 minutes. Remove from fire, allow to cool a little, then bottle, and when quite cold seal down. Be sure to cover vegetables well with liquid to ensure keeping indefinitely.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. I. Lyncham, Kent St., Minto, N.S.W.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Six loin pork chops, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ loaf dry bread, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped apple, salt and pepper, ½ doz. prunes (if desired).

Trim fat from chops, make a gash in them two inches long, then split the meat the full length of bone inside and fill with a seasoning made from bread, onion, beaten egg, apple, and seasoning. After seasoning well, dip into flour and roast in hot oven. Turn chops when nicely browned on bottom. They take about one hour to do. If desired, garnish with prunes which have been stuffed with apple and dropped into baking pan ten minutes before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. F. Baker, Bauple, via Maryborough, Qld.

BRITANNIA SHORT CAKE

Six ounces flour, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon bicarb. soda, pinch salt, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1oz. almonds, plum or apricot jam.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and bicarb. soda. Cream butter and sugar, and add beaten egg. Then add milk, and lastly flour, very gradually.

Put half the mixture into a well-greased sandwich tin. Spread jam over it, and then cover with remaining mixture. Spread almonds on top and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Hayes, 220 Coventry St., South Melbourne.

SCOTCH CURRANT BUN

Mix well into 1½ cups flour ½ teaspoon baking powder and pinch of salt, rub in 1½lb. butter and lard in equal quantities and mix to a firm paste with cold water. Roll out neatly and line cake tin, reserving round of pastry for top. This is the outside crust.

Inside mixture: 1lb. flour, ½lb. brown sugar, 2lb. raisins, 2lb. currants, ½lb. orange peel, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ½lb almonds, ½oz. ground ginger, ½oz. cinnamon, ½oz. jamaica pepper, 1 small teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 breakfast-cup milk.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly together before putting into lined tin. Make contents level with lining of pastry, then wet edges of pastry and put on top pastry. Prick all over with fork and bake in moderate oven for 3½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joan Bruce, Wabnsley St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

THE DOCTOR WOULDN'T TELL HER—
...but his wife prescribed the "cure"!

Your most important question in choosing soap is: "How well does it guard my freshness?" If you judge by this standard you'll use Lifebuoy always. You get a big generous cake for your money—and Lifebuoy alone contains the gentle health element that ends "B.O." Try it. It's mild, refreshing.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

A SUNSUIT . . . *for the toddler*

CLOSE-UP of swan motif which adorns the front of the yoke of the sunsuit. Quite easy to work in suitable colors.

● Useful little garment for your youngest, obtainable from our Needlework Department ready for making up and working.

THIS sunsuit for the toddler is traced on linora in shades of pink, blue, lemon, green, white, and cream.

It is very easy to make up, and the swan motif on the front of the yoke is quite easy to work.

Sizes and prices are:—

One to two years, 2/5, plus 2d. postage; two to four years, 2/9, plus 2d. postage; four to six years, 3/3, plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern of this design, should you want to make up the sunsuit in your own material, is obtainable for 1/-. Transfer, with other motifs included, is 1/3.

YOUR TODDLER would look sweet in this sunsuit. Traced for making up and working on linora in white or colors. Paper pattern also available for 1/-.

DAINTY TEA-TIME SET IN ORGANDIE

FOR your traymobile —a filmy throwover, traycloth, tea-cosy, and serviette, all in white or colored organdie, and traced with floral design ready for working.

HERE is the loveliest set of dainty organdie accessories for use on your traymobile at afternoon tea or supper time.

You can obtain the set from our Needlework Department traced with floral design for working in organdie in white, green, yellow, or blue.

The set includes a throwover, size 36 by 36 inches; traycloth, 14 by 25 inches; tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches; and serviette, 11 by 11 inches.

Price of the complete set is 7/3. Bought separately the prices are:—

Throwover, 36 by 36 inches, 3/-.
Traycloth, 14 by 25 inches, 2/3.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 1/11.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 9d.

The cloths may be had with plain edges for hemming, or finished with spoke-stitching for crochet. State which you require when ordering.

The stitches used for working the design include stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and french knots. Cottons for working are also obtainable for 2½d. a skein.

FOR YOUR TRAYMOBILE. A dainty set in organdie, including throwover, traycloth, tea-cosy, and serviette. Obtainable in white or colors traced with floral motif for working.

FOR YOUR BABY

● Nightgown and petticoat in winceyette or kabe silk traced ready for making up and working.

THE petticoat, which you can obtain from our Needlework Department, is traced on winceyette in cream, blue, pink, yellow or green, or on white kabe silk.

It features a small floral motif at the front of the neckline, and buttons on the shoulders.

Sizes and prices are:—

Infants to 6 months: Winceyette, 2/6; kabe silk, 2/11.
Twelve to 18 months: Winceyette, 2/11; kabe silk, 3/3.

If you would like to make up the petticoat in your own material, paper pattern is available for 1/-. No transfer obtainable.

PETTICOAT for baby obtainable in winceyette or kabe silk and traced for making up and working.

THE nightgown, which is in the popular crossover style, making it easy to put on and take off, is also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

It is traced for making up and working on winceyette in cream, blue, pink, white, or green, or on white kabe silk.

Sizes and prices are:—

Infants to 6 months: Winceyette, 4/6; kabe silk, 4/11.
Twelve to 18 months: Winceyette, 4/11; kabe silk, 5/6.

Paper pattern of this design, price 1/-. No transfer obtainable.

BABY nightgown in crossover style. Traced for making up and working on winceyette or kabe silk.

All men in our Fighting Services

made Hon. members of

M.F.M. Club

Mr. Inner Man, Minister of Inside Information.

A gay scene was presented last night when Mr. Inner Man, Minister of Inside Information, was entertained at one of our largest mess-rooms and made all men of our Fighting Services members of the MUSTARD FOR ME Club, which, like the Women's D.S.F. Corps, is attached to the Minister's Department.

The mess-room was charmingly decorated in a colour-scheme of mustard and tomato, and music was supplied by the combined bands of Hambrose and Jack Stilton, who, at 8 p.m. precisely, struck up the popular tune, "Roll Out the Barrel."

This was the signal for the appearance of the Minister, who was introduced to his hosts, and after a sumptuous meal, spoke to them in his own inimitable style. At the conclusion, he said, "It is my privilege to inform you that it has been decided to elect every man in our fighting forces a Full Honorary member of the M.F.M. Club."

When the applause had subsided the Minister, after a word with his Secretary, rose and said, "My Secretary points out that the words 'Full Member' do NOT of course refer to the disagreeable feeling of fullness that follows a meal not properly digested — a feeling unknown to those of us who always take Mustard★ with our meals, and so enjoy both good meals and good digestion."

★ *The reference, of course, is to*

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

K341.

A MOTHER CRAFT SESSION ON 2GB

● Mothercraft in its widest sense. Problems of health, cooking, proper diet and nutrition, child understanding; all the business of running a home, feeding a family and helping in maintaining health and happiness will be covered by Mother Craft in happy conversational style with the music you love to hear. Mother Craft is a new personality on the air. Her gospel deals with all the health foods, particularly milk.

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30 MINUTES of VIVID DRAMA and Powerful Human Interest!

"Tales from the Fur Trails"

An entirely new series of thrill-packed narratives, with dramatic interludes by the Prince of Storytellers . . .

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FRAGRANT HYACINTHS

No other family of bulbs possesses such a wide range of coloring as the hyacinth; its colors are so diverse that it is questionable whether any other family of plants embraces such a variety of tones.

● Not only do hyacinths possess the most delicate fragrance, but the colors of some of the blooms are the most delicate pastel tints imaginable and infinitely varied. The hyacinths on the right are pale blue and those on the left are in a variety of shades—pale pink, white, delicate blue, and the richer color of purple. As the article below tells you, hyacinths can be grown in water in jars as well as in garden beds.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

HYACINTH blooms are very sweetly fragrant, last a long time, and if grown in well-protected positions are extremely hardy.

In the warmer parts of the Commonwealth, however, the hyacinth presents difficulties, and it is only by making the soil light and somewhat gritty, and by paying strict attention to the drainage, that the bulb can be made to flower satisfactorily.

During early spring I was able to pay a visit to one of the most successful hyacinth growers in the Commonwealth, Mr. W. Buckley, of Parramatta.

Although only a small grower, this gardener has achieved success with the hyacinth where many professional nurserymen have failed.

Importing his bulbs originally from Holland about fifteen years ago, he has culled and selected them until he has a strain that never fails to bloom, and produces spikes equal to any grown in Victoria and other cool parts of the Commonwealth.

His garden is on the site of an old nursery, and the soil is light stuff that was originally carted from the bush.

Yearly he has added more gritty soil containing plenty of rotted leaves, and he adds a generous dose of lime and bone-dust each season.

All the bulbs are lifted each year after the foliage has entirely died down, but the real secret of his success is the feeding.

Mr. Buckley regards cow manure as the best fertiliser, and this is applied when well decayed in the form of a mulch.

The soil is kept loose and always moist, but never wet, and the beds are raised six or eight inches above the common level of the rest of the garden. He plants his bulbs from five to six inches deep each February, and the results of his methods are to be seen from the fact that he is one of the most consistent prize-winners in this State.

I always regard the hyacinth as an outstanding plant for the spring garden, and as it may be planted from mid-February to mid-April the gardener can be assured of a brilliant display of blooms for a month or six weeks.

For the novice grower who cannot imitate the conditions set out by Mr. Buckley, the soil should be made as light as possible by adding sand or small gravel, building up the fibre content with rotted and well-broken-up turf, and adding some leaf-mould each season.

It is important that hyacinths should never be allowed to thirst. As the foliage increases in height the watering should be increased if the weather is dry.

When the flowering shoot appears it will often pay the gardener to cover the plant with a flowerpot or perforated tin, for it frequently develops a very short stem, and if allowed to mature in this condition will be most unsatisfactory.

By placing them in darkness or semi-darkness the buds and stems are forced to grow taller.

Hyacinths should never be overfed, and nothing stronger than soot-water should be applied once they start budding. The soot should be placed in a hessian bag and allowed to soak for several days.

Periodic shaking up or stirring will dissolve this rather intractable material, which contains a fair amount of potash, some nitrogen, and other useful ingredients in minute quantity.

Artificial manures should be avoided, although lime can be lightly added to the soil during growing time.

If the grower prefers to produce hyacinths in water the jars should be colored, and the darker the better.

Only the bottom of the bulbs should touch the water, and it is best to start the bulbs under five inches of soil first until the roots are an inch or two long, and then to transfer them to glasses.

The water should be filled up every day or two so that it just touches the bottom of the bulb and no more. If the water is allowed to cover more of the bulb, rotting may take place.

When planting out hyacinth bulbs in the garden, use a trowel, and preferably a fern trowel or Slim Jim. This is a narrow-bladed tool, about two inches wide, slightly concave in shape, and has flattened and sharpened edges all round.

The bulb should be placed right down at the bottom of the soil so that there is no cavity at the bottom. If cavities are allowed to exist under a bulb it is sure to shrivel and die.

In heavy or very wet soil it will be beneficial to place about half an inch of sand at the bottom for the base of the bulb to "sit" upon.

Never use second-year bulbs for bedding purposes. The new bulbs that mature each year should be used for the main crop, and all small bulbs placed in a bed to themselves to mature.

UNSURPASSED

ACTUAL SIZE

For the Care of the Hands ● As a Powder Base ● For use in the Nursery ● For soothing and refreshing the Skin ● For men before and after Shaving.

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Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/9

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. . . a new version of the upswept Hair Style.

The diagrams show you how to place your curls. When combed, this setting needs a touch of good brilliantine — Atkinson's — to give a sleek, salon finish and help curls and rolls to hold. Never clog your hair with greasy, gummy brilliantines. Atkinson's luxurious Brilliantine, made from fine light oils, gives your hair a soft, natural sheen without stickiness.

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CALIFORNIAN POPPY

English Lavender · White Rose · Unscented · 1/7½ (including tax)

The Doctor Tells You What to do

about PAINFUL ERUPTIONS

PATIENT: Doctor, what can I do about these boils on my arm? This is the third I have had lately and it is very painful. Even poulticing does not seem to relieve it.

Doctor: Soft poultices such as bread poultices which are commonly used with the idea that they will bring boils "to a head" often do more harm than good.

The pus of a boil is very infectious and easily contaminates surrounding skin if allowed to come in contact with it.

Poultices not only spread the infection, but also help to soften the skin and lead to a secondary crop of boils around the site of the first.

The wisest way to treat a boil is by means of hot, dry dressings. Sterile gauze held with strips of adhesive plaster will keep the area clean, and over this may be placed a hot-water bottle, or a bag of hot salt. Heat soothes the stretched tissues and so relieves the soreness.

Squeezing a boil is not a wise procedure. It only enlarges the hard area which is usually found around the core by breaking down the protective layer of cells.

Lancing by a doctor, on the other hand, will bring great relief if performed at the proper stage.

Nor, as many people imagine, will it leave a scar. In fact, a larger scar is more likely to result from squeezing than from lancing.

Superstitions

THERE are a great many superstitions about boils which still persist, and which are widely believed. One of these is that a boil is the sign of "bad blood coming out."

Actually, a boil commences as a local inflammation around the root of a hair, or a sweat gland. The inflammation spreads into the surrounding tissues and forms an abscess cavity.

Later the infection destroys and liquefies the surrounding tissues which collect in one place as pus and the boil is said to have "come to a head."

This is Nature's method of walling off the infection to prevent it spreading. When ready the boil bursts and discharges its poison. This discharge should not be allowed to come in contact with the surrounding skin.

Some people are much more liable to boils than others. In particular people who have greasy skins and a tendency to blackheads must be on the watch against them.

Sometimes repeated attacks of boils are associated with unsuspected diabetes, and the only way to check up on this is to have the urine and blood tested.

More often boils are associated with a general run-down condition and affect people whose bodily resistance is low.

The best way to build up resistance to these infections is to increase the use of the protective foods.

Too much white bread, sugar, cakes and sweets tend to crowd out the more nourishing foods.

Their place should be taken by milk, eggs, cheese, fruit and vegetables, meat, wholemeal bread and wholegrain cereals.

Fruits rich in vitamin C, such as papaws, pineapples, citrus fruits and tomatoes, are especially valuable in helping to ward off infections of all types.

SWINGING is a favorite "gym" activity with the Dionne Quintuplets. Here Cecile enjoys a session on the swing.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

ALL parents should know how to deal with simple emergencies and should have a small first-aid equipment in the house and carry it with them on holiday trips.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Results of authentic NATIONAL SURVEY conducted among thousands of dentists

IPANA CHOSEN 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE FOR DENTISTS' OWN USE!

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

Professional Survey reveals three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice! Let Ipana and massage help you to healthier gums, brighter teeth!

WHAT an inspiring vote of confidence in Ipana from those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums!

For, by the overwhelming vote of 3 to 1, these dentists have made known their personal preference for Ipana—over any other paste or powder! Actually, more of these dentists personally use Ipana than the next three dentifrices combined!

These are the important findings of the recent Survey independently conducted among thousands of dentists throughout the Commonwealth.

Be guided by their selection . . . and make Ipana your own personal dentifrice. For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is designed to stimulate the gums . . . to help gums become firmer, stronger, healthier.

Get a tube of Ipana from your chemist to-day . . . the tooth paste so many dentists prefer over any other dentifrice. Start now on your way to healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile . . . with Ipana and massage.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY . . . Regular Size 1/- — Super Size 2/-

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DINNER *in half an hour*

THE modern kitchen is very kind to the busy committee woman and her sister in business. No longer is the tin-opener their only resource. To-day with modern stoves and refrigerators it is possible to prepare a complete dinner in about half an hour.

HALF-HOUR DINNERS

Steaks piquante
Chokoes stuffed with corn
Baked tomatoes
Paprika butter
Custard mould with stewed berries

Chinese cutlets
Shredded cabbage
Saratoga potatoes
Tomato and parsley garnish
Grilled bananas and ice-cream

Orange and grapefruit salad
Hamburgers with onion rings
Minted carrots
New potatoes
Passionfruit marshmallow whip

Crumbed pork sausages
Apple rings
Tomato rice
Rum omelette
Cheese

STEAKS PIQUANTE

One pound round or rump steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, Worcestershire sauce, seasoned flour, egg, breadcrumbs, butter or dripping.

Slice steak thinly and cut into two-inch squares and slit a pocket in each. Wash, skin, and slice kidneys thinly; sprinkle with Worcestershire sauce and pepper and salt and fill each steak pocket. Secure with sharpened match or toothpick. Dip in seasoned flour, egg and breaderumbs. Place on greased oven dish and cover with greased paper and bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes or shallow fry. Brush with melted butter before serving.

CRUMB CUSTARD RING

Three-quarters cup milk, ¾ cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon coconut, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, fruit or caramel cream.

Whip eggs and sugar and pour over coconut, crumbs, and nutmeg. Pour into a thickly greased ring tin and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Unmould and top when serving with stewed berry fruit or whipped cream flavored with burnt sugar or caramel.

CHINESE CUTLETS

One pound minced veal or rabbit, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 tomato, seasoned flour, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 small white onion, pepper and salt, ¼ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, ¼lb. bacon rashers, butter.

Combine veal, pineapple, peeled and chopped tomato and onion, Worcestershire sauce, and bind with beaten egg. Shape into cutlets and cover with seasoned flour. Place on greased oven-tray. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and top each cutlet with small piece of butter. Cover with bacon rashers and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 minutes.

The cabbage served with this recipe is shredded finely, placed in a casserole with a little hot water and butter, and cooked in the oven at the same time as the cutlets. The potatoes are cut into wafers and cooked in an oven dish with beef dripping.

GRILLED BANANAS WITH ICE-CREAM

Four bananas, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry or lemon juice, pinch salt, 1 tray of ice-cream.

Prepare ice-cream and place in refrigerator trays in the morning. Peel bananas and cut lengthwise, and then in halves, and place in buttered grill-pan. Dot with butter and sprinkle with salt, brown sugar, and sherry or lemon juice. Grill until soft, and serve hot with ice-cream. These may be baked in an oven-proof dish, with the other courses of the menu, instead of grilling.

CRUMBED PORK SAUSAGES WITH APPLE RINGS

One pound pork sausages, 3 apples, egg and breadcrumbs, seasoned flour.

Plunge pricked sausages into boiling water and cook for three minutes. Drain, skin carefully, cover with seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry for three minutes or until a golden brown. Peel and core apples and dip in egg and crumbs, and deep fry. Pile apple rings in centre of serving-dish, arrange sausages in spoke fashion around, and place a spoonful of tomato rice between them. Garnish with parsley.

Tomato Rice: ¼ cup tomato puree, 1 small onion, ½oz. butter, salt, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 2 cups cooked rice.

Saute onion in butter until soft. Add other ingredients and cook for 5 minutes. Serve piping hot.

RUM OMELETTE

Three eggs, pinch salt, pinch nutmeg, 2 tablespoons water, ½oz. butter, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons rum.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, add pinch of salt to whites and beat stiffly. Blend yolks with water, add pinch of salt and pinch of nutmeg and fold in egg-whites. Prepare omelette pan by heating with butter and pouring off surplus butter. Pour omelette into pan and cook slowly. When set and lightly browned underneath, brown top quickly in oven or under griller. Slip onto plate, sprinkle with castor sugar. Pour over rum, set alight and serve immediately.

HAMBURGER WITH ONION RINGS AND MINTED CARROTS

One pound finely minced topside steak, 1 tablespoon finely minced suet, 1 egg, ¼ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 2 large white onions.

Blend steak, suet, crumbs, beaten egg and parsley. Season and shape into cakes. Cook under griller or on hot greased griddle. Serve with lightly fried onion rings and minted carrots.

Minted Carrots: Slice carrots into rings and cook with very little water in a tightly-lidded saucepan. When tender lightly season with salt, sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter. Saute until well glazed and sprinkle with freshly-chopped mint.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

PASSIONFRUIT MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One cup marshmallows, 1 gill cream, 2 tablespoons water, good squeeze lemon juice, 4 passionfruit, few sprigs fresh mint.

Place marshmallows in saucepan with lemon juice and water and slowly melt. Remove from stove and allow to cool. Whip cream and add to marshmallow mixture and whip in passionfruit pulp. Serve cold in stemmed glasses topped with mint sprigs.

GOLDEN PIKELETS

One cup self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon spices, 1 teaspoon butter, honey or golden syrup.

Sift flour and spices. Rub in butter and add sugar. Mix to a thick batter with milk. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or frying pan. Serve immediately with honey or golden syrup.

DINNER which can be prepared in half an hour: Tomato juice cocktail, steaks piquante, chokoes stuffed with sweet corn, baked tomatoes and custard ring mould with stewed berries or other fruit.

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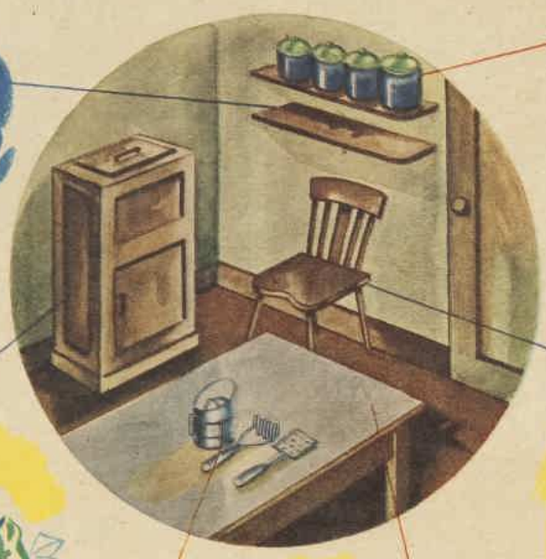
Brighten your Kitchen with DYNAMEL



No. 1. DYNAMEL those shelves. Dynamel dries to a hard, mirror-smooth finish that stands up to any amount of wear and tear. And it's easy to keep clean. Dynamel means more colour in your kitchen—much less work to keep it spotless!

No. 2. DYNAMEL that chipped and worn-looking set of canisters you keep on the dresser or the shelves beside the sink. That gleaming Dynamel finish will be like a breath of Spring in your kitchen.

No. 3. DYNAMEL that chair. Anyone can do a good job with Taubmans Dynamel—it's as easy as making toast, or sweeping the floor or any of the jobs you do around the house every day. And much more fascinating.

No. 4. DYNAMEL that ice chest. Dynamel makes a dark, shabby old ice chest look like a gleaming refrigerator. And Taubman's have a special, odorless Inside Ice Chest White that's just the thing to give the dingy inside a hygienic modern finish.

No. 6. DYNAMEL that table. Even if you've never held a paint brush in your hand before, you'll find that Dynamel smooths itself out as you brush — never leaves a brushmark to spoil its satiny-smooth surface!

No. 5. DYNAMEL that flour sifter. The shabby handles of the egg beater, the egg slice, the bread knife. Much more fun to work with cheerful kitchen utensils — and you can get hobby size tins of Dynamel in your favourite colors for little jobs like these.

Anyone can do a good job with DYNAMEL

Dynamel is better than enamel.
It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. It gives a mirror-smooth finish first time.

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Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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STATION HOME

● Modern interior decoration, color schemes and furnishings provide every comfort and infinite charm in this lovely country home. All furniture is walnut, and woodwork walnut-stained. Walls in main rooms, lounge and dining-room are pale jade with window drapes in a deeper shade of green. The home is Haddon Rig, Warren, bachelor abode of Mr. G. B. S. Falkiner, well-known grazier.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

ABOVE: Sunroom, which has white furniture and reseda-green cushions. Carpet is natural with a green border and pattern of green and black. Cream venetian blinds have green strappings. Window and door frames are also pale green and contrast well with the natural red brick walls.

LEFT: The swimming pool in the grounds at Haddon Rig.

BELOW: Study, which has bottle-green leather furniture, reseda-green fabric cushions, and a rust-toned carpet on polished wood floor. Walls are dull gold and curtains a brighter gold. Walnut coffee-table has tapestry top under plate-glass.

DINING-ROOM, which opens into lounge. Walnut furniture has cream leather upholstery. Table features gunmetal glass top and cream linen mats. Carpet is red and the fireplace natural sandstone with black glass mantelshelf. The wall recesses are illuminated.

"Hallo, hallo," said Mrs. Tindall tearfully, "is that Messrs. Snap, Crackle and Pop the breakfast experts? Please, oh please tell me how to make Peggy eat up her breakfast?" "Just you give her a plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," said Snap, Crackle and Pop!

My, oh my! When Peggy heard that Snap, Crackle and Pop as the milk was poured over her Rice Bubbles, it tickled her fancy so much, she fairly *gobbled* them up!

Wasn't it a lucky day for Mummy when she found out about that lovely oven-popped rice Kellogg's make! Lucky for Peggy too—because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are bursting with so much energising nourishment that Mummy will soon have to let Peggy's frocks out. Little tummies find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles so easy to digest. That's why they make an ideal meal before bed-time as well as breakfast. Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day.

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

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